THE ARGYLE SETTLEMENT IN HISTORY AND STORY

BY

DANIEL G. HARVEY

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By
DANIEL G. HARVEY

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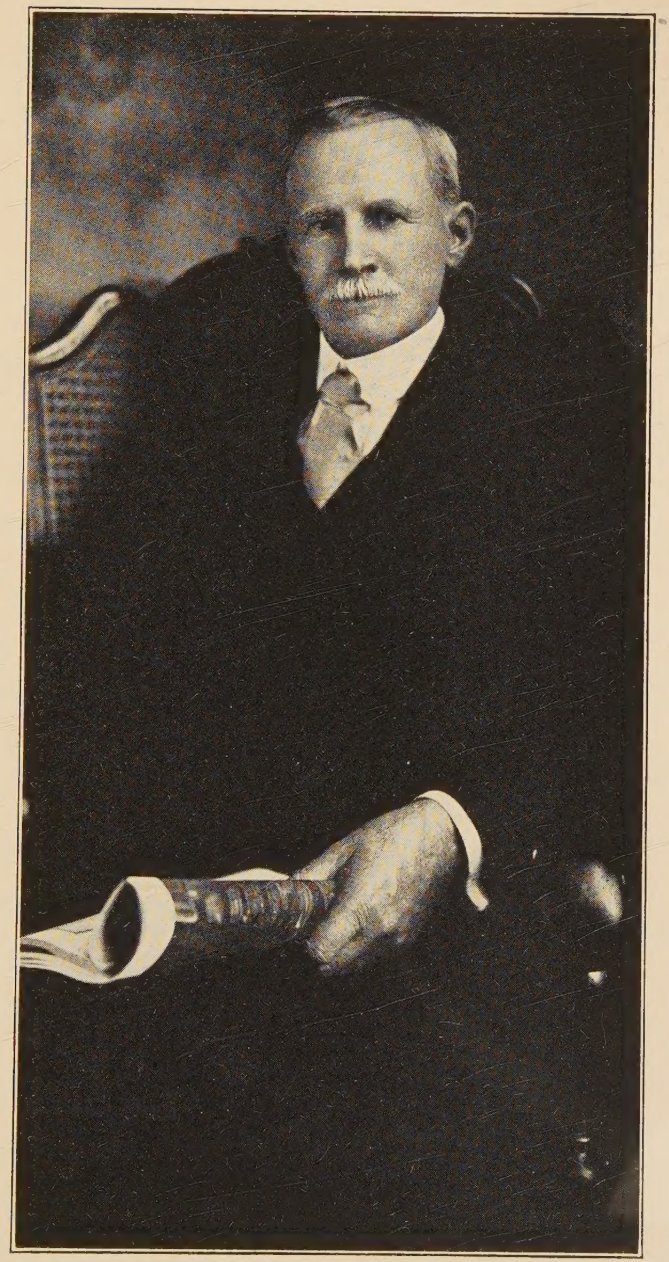

Daniel G. Harvey

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1836-1924

To the pioneers of the Argyle Settlement and to all who helped me to gather the facts of the Argyle Settlement in history and story, I dedicate this writing. Not that it is a full record as the time is far past. The pioneers have all gone to their reward and there are only a few now in life who were the boys and girls of the pioneer days. The writer stands, as it were, between two generations, having known all the pioneers, also the young generation. In order that the trials and hardships of the pioneer days may not be entirely lost and forgotten, it is my desire to hand down to the young people the story of their ancestors that they may better understand how they came into possession of the privileges and blessings they now enjoy.

DANIEL G. HARVEY.

INTRODUCTION

Foreasmuch as no one else has ever taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of the experiences that lie in the background of the Argyle Settlement and account for its splendid history, I am glad that it has seemed good to Mr. D. G. Harvey, who has had a good understanding of all these things, either by personal experience or by diligent investigation, to set them in order for the present and future generations. I am sure that it is an invaluable service that merits the appreciation of all who cherish even the remotest interest in the Argyle Settlement.

"The Argyle Settlement in History and Story" is a precious record that would have soon been lost had it not been thus preserved. It will come even now as a new story to many of the descendants of those rugged pioneers who laid its foundations. It is a thrilling story of heroic men and women, who with the blood of the Covenanters coursing though their hearts and Puritanic faith stirring their souls, also became pilgrims, seeking freedom from economic oppression and an opportunity for self determination. The annals of their experiences set forth herein present an interesting study of the constructive forces that enabled a practically penniless people, within the scope of a single generation, to convert a frontier wilderness into an earthly paradise of rich farms, comfortable homes, fine families, and a community with a spirit and a Church with a stability that quicken the interest of all who come in touch with them.

What are those hidden forces, those underflowing currents that have carried these people on to victory? The willingness to toil earnestly and the ability to cast away care and to play happily at party or picnic or wedding are there. A wise and careful economy and a sagacious quest for the best in method and in equipment also have a place. But these forces have all been united and crowned by another force that must always be found among a people that is permanently success-

ful. That force is true religion. Go into the home life and you will find there the serene influence, of the fear of God and the love of His House, which makes Scottish homelife 'loved at home and revered abroad.' Go into the Church life and you will find an institution that, like its founders, is sturdy and stable and strong. It was early built and has been steadfastly maintained for well night four score years. Meanwhile it has stood at the heart of the community's life, giving poise and purpose to life and building men for God.

I predict that this little book, as it preserves this precious story, will be a bearer of blessings as it begets and sustains a reverent respect for the past with its sacrifices and hardships, and also a resolution that this heritage of the past shall not be impoverished in the present or the future. I predict also that this book shall find its rightful place among the cherished possessions of those to whom it comes, and that it will provide many a happy hour beside the future firesides.

Rev. Edgar W. Smith.

Chapter I

KINTYRE; THE HOMELAND

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. 90:9.

In order to have a right understanding of the circumstances and conditions that led to the founding of a colony of Kintyre people in Boone and Winnebago counties in Northern Illinois, it will be necessary to go back to the district of Kintyre in Argyleshire, Scotland. Kintyre is a penisula in the southern part of Argyleshire, forty-one and one-half miles long and seven miles wide. To Americans, who are accustomed to long distances, it may seem a small tract of country. Notwithstanding this fact, Kintyre people or their descendants are to be found in nearly every civilized country in the world. It is divided into many parishes. Campbeltown and Southend are the parishes that the pioneers of the Argyle Settlement came from. As regards the size of the district of Kintyre, is it not true that small countries have often been the scene in making the history of the world? Belgium is a little country yet it has been the battle ground of Europe. Likewise Scotland, though small, has been the battle ground of religious liberty.

A short description of the country may be interesting to those who have never seen it. There are no railway connections between Kintyre and other parts of Scotland. It is only by steam shipline or coach and auto buss that travelers can reach the district. Campbeltown Loch and Harbor is one of the best in Scotland. The entrance to the Loch is surrounded with magnificient scenery, almost mountainous, Knock Scalbert on the right and Ben Gulleon on the left as you enter the harbor. Campbeltown, the largest town in the district, is finely situated at the end of the Loch. It is a very old town dating back to the sixth century. The historic names of the town are Ginloch Kilkerran (the head of Keirans Loch), Dalruadhain, Ceann Loch, and lastly Campbeltown in honor of the Campbell family. Campbeltown was the original seat

of the Scottish monarchy, it being the capital of Scotland three centuries before it was located at Edinburgh. There is one thing of which Campbeltown is justly proud. It was the home of Mary Campbell, the Highland Mary of the poet Robert Burns. Her father was one of the crew of a revenue cruiser which was stationed at Campbeltown where the family resided for a time in the Parliament close. Burn's lament over the death of his Highland Mary and poem to Mary in Heaven is one of the most pathetic poems in literature.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is they place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

  Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
  O'er hung with wild woods thickening, green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorne hoar,
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprank wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

—*Robert Burns.*

The mail service for the district of Kintyre is by steamship and auto bus via Tarbert. About the year 1915 the coach that carried mail and passengers for forty years between Campbeltown and Tarbert was substituted by an auto bus. Some one asked an old Scotchman what he thought of the auto bus. He shook his head and said, "Well—wait tull the snaw comes. We can tell better then." Campbeltown is well supplied with schools and churches, some of the finest in Scotland. Among many distinguished grammar school pupils of the town was Dr. Norman MacLeod, the famous preacher and author.

The public library contains 12,000 books, and all the principal newspapers and magazines in the reading room. The principal industries of the town are the rope works, the ship building yard, distilleries and breweries. Also, about 500 men are engaged in the herring fishing. Located within the harbor is the life-saving station. The crew of the life boat have a number of remarkable rescues. From Campbeltown, west towards Machrihanish Bay is a fine tract of level country called The Lagan. It is here that some of the best

farms are located. The west coast of Kintyre is said to be the roughest in Scotland. There is something grand, wild, and majestic in the way the mighty waves of the Atlantic lash against the rocks. On a calm day before a storm the roar of the waves can be heard for a long distance. Some people claim to have heard them fifteen miles, others forty miles. "It is like the sound of many waters."—St. John 1:15. Of late years the west coast has become a great summer resort. There is a large hotel at Machrihanish and one of the best golf links in Scotland. There is a narrow gage railway which connects with the coal fields and also carries passengers in connection with the steamboat line.

The district of Southend is more hilly and in some parts even mountainous. It is estimated that for one acre of arable land there are six acres of pasture land. This was historical ground at the time of the clan wars in Scotland. The McDonalds of the Isle made their last stand against the Campbells at the fort at Dunaverty Rock near the village of Southend. The village is located near the sea. There are two churches, one the Established Church, the other the U. F. Presbyterian, also a good school. There is a life-saving station at Dunaverty Rock. It was in this district that the majority of the people who came to the colony made their homes and where they received their education. There is no doubt these places were dear to them, the home, the church, and the school, also the old Keil churchyard where their relatives are buried. In the parish of Southend there is a small district called Kildavie in which a colony of people lived who kept themselves apart and did not associate much with the rest of Kintyre people. They were Covenanter followers of Ralston who, with his people, fled from Renfrewshire at the time of the persecution to find shelter in Argyleshire. They were Lowlanders who spoke with a broad accent. The following story is told of their manner of courtship and love-making.

The lover said to his sweetheart, "Dae-ye-tak-me Jeanie?" She answered in bashful reply, "Aye-Some." "Will ye gie me a kiss, Jeanie?" was the next query. Her answer was, "Nae a'll nay gie-ye a kiss—but ye can tak it if ye lake."

There are three lighthouses on the south coast of Kintyre that are worthy of mention. The Mull Lighthouse, which is built on the Mull Rock on the most southern point of Kintyre being only thirty miles across the North Channel to the coast of Ireland. It was built by Peter Stuart of Campbeltown in 1788 and was re-modeled in 1820 by Robert Stevenson who was engineer for the Northern Light Company. The light can be seen for a distance of thirty miles. The second lighthouse is on the Island of Sanda erected in 1850 as a protection to vessels from Patterson's Rock, a submerged rock off the south coast of Kintyre. It is built in three circular towers on the side of the Rock. The third lighthouse was built in 1854 on Davaar Island to guide mariners into Campbeltown Harbor.

This Island has gained notoriety within the last thirty years because of the cave picture. On this Island is a number of caves and on the wall of one of the caves an artist painted the greatest of all human tragedies, "The Crucifixion of Christ." When it was discovered by fishermen entering the cave for protection from a storm it caused a great sensation. It was some time before they knew who the artist was. It proved to be Mr. Archibald Mackinnon, a Campbeltown man now a resident in Reading, Pa., U. S. A. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the world have journeyed to Davarr to visit the cave picture and read its sermon on stone.

In the early days of Scottish history the clans held the power in the highlands. They were of the Celtic race. There are two hundred and forty different clan tartans or plaids representing the different clans, so we have some idea what the clan wars meant in those early days. "The Fiery Cross" represented by the Ku-Klux-Klan in D. W. Griffith's play

"The Birth of a Nation" was taken from the clans of Scotland. When a highland chief wished to gather the clans together for some great event or battle he made a cross of some light wood, seared it in fire, then extinguished the fire by dipping it in the blood of an animal. This was called "The Fiery Cross." This cross was sent by messengers to the different hamlets and villages for the gathering of the clans. The highland chiefs of the early times were said to be the kindest of friends and the fiercest of foes. Many of them were proud and revengeful and quick to resent an injury. A story is told of an old lady by the name of McPherson who belonged to the McPherson Clan. She was reading in her Bible where Peter drew his sword and smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his ear. She closed the book, and said, "Weal-weal-he wasna' a McPherson or he would ha taken the heid off him." During the clan wars in Scotland castles were built in different parts of the country. They were used as signal towers, strongholds, or forts where the chiefs made their homes. There are two of these castles in the District of Kintyre, viz; Skipnis and Saddell. They are both built in the same architectural style. Skipnis is the largest being several stories high and the walls are five or six feet thick. This castle is located at Skipnis Point near the sea. Saddell Castle is built on a rock by the seaside on the Firth of Clyde, ten miles northeast of Campbeltown. There are many traditional stories told about this castle and many cruel crimes committed there.

The farms in the District of Kintyre are all named mostly from the Gaelic language and it is difficult for Americans to pronounce, much less spell them. The following poem contains a number of names of the farms.

FLORY LOYNACHAN

(A most pathetic ballad, the composition of Douglie Macilreavie of Corbett's Close, in the Balgom Street, Campbeltown, inscribed with affectionate regards to the members of the

Kintyre Literary Association, is an illustration of the common conversational idiom of the dear, old town half a century ago.)

By an Old Campbeltonian.

O! it buitie be an ogly thing
That mougres thus o'er me,
For I scrabed at myself yestreen,
And could not Bab an e'e,
My heart is all to muilins munched,
Bryce, Smuirach, daps and gum,
I'm a poor cruichach, spalyin' scrae,
My thorts have struck me dumb.

Dear Flory Loynachan, if thou
Through Saana's soun' wert toss'd,
And rouchled like a shougie-shoo,
In a veshal with one mast,
Though the night were makan' for a roil,
Through ralliach were the sea,
Through scorlins warpled my thowl pins,
My shallop would reach thee.

Thou're not a hochlan scleurach, dear,
As many trooshlach be;
Nor I a claty skybal, thus
To sclaffer after thee;—
Yet haing the meischachan, when first
I felt love's mainglin' smart,
And haing the boosach dyvour too,
Who spong'd from me thine heart!

O rhane a Yolus Cromic—quick—
Across this rumpled brain!
Bring hickery-pickery bring wallink
Droshachs, to sooth my pain!
Fire water-fire a spoucher full—

These frythan stouns to stay!
For like a sparrows scaldachan
I'm gosping night and day!

Were I the Laird of Achnaglach,
Or Kilmanshenachan fair,
Crockstaplemore, Kilwheepnach,
Foechag, or Ballochgair;
Did I inherit Tuyinroech,
Drumgarv or Ballochantee,
Creishlach, or Coeran daing the bit,
I'd fauchat them for thee!

O, the Clabbydhu, it loves the Trench.
The Crouban, the quayneb,
While the Anachan and Brollochan,
They love the Mussle-ebb.
The Muirachbaan the Dorling loves,
And the Gleshan, and Guildee,
They love to plouder through the loch;
But, Flory, I love thee!

It was here in the District of Kintyre that Christianity first took root in the western highlands of Scotland. St. Columba, who came across the channel from Ireland, landed at Keil where he built a church and preached the gospel. The walls of the church stand to-day in the old Keil churchyard. Foot-prints are cut out on the rock to mark the spot where St. Columba landed at Keil near the village of Southend.

Going back in history to the year 1666, a great plague broke out in the city of London, which they called the Black Plague. It was infectious and great numbers died. It spread through England and parts of Scotland, especially to Argyle-shire, and almost depopulated the peninsula of Kintyre. Old people spoke of it coming in a white cloud and hovering over the district. Whether this was a superstition or not is not

known. Under these conditions the Marquis of Argyle encouraged people from Renfrewshire, Ayrshire and Gallway to come and settle on the vacant farms. These were the Covenanters of Scotland. The Marquis of Argyle, being a Covenanter himself, gave them every opportunity in his power. The pioneers of the Argyle Settlement were the direct descendants of the Covenanters. Some may boast of royalty, others can trace their ancestors back to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, but to be in the line of the Covenanters is as great an honor. Men and women, many of whom gave their lives for the cause of the truth. "Being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom this world was not worthy, they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth." In Gray Frier's Churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, is a tomb known as the tomb of the Martyrs where those who were executed at the grass market near Edinburgh Castle were buried. It is one of the historical sights of old Edinburgh. At the Antiquarian Museum, in Edinburgh, are a number of relics of the Covenanter Days. Among them are John Knox's pulpit, Jenny Giddies' stool, and the old flags of the Covenanters. After the settlement of Kintyre by the Covenanters, the population increased up to the year of 1830. The population of Southend alone, a district of country not any larger than the Argyle Settlement, was over two thousand.

Chapter II.

The Pioneers.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL

Farweel, a lang, a last farweel,
Auld Scotland, unto thee;
The coming night cloud soon will hide
Thy dark green hills frae me.
The breeze blaws freshly frae the shore,
The barque bounds o'er the wave,
I go to seek a distant hame,
Tae fill a distant grave.
Lang, lang I strove wi' adverse fate,
Lang, land I strove in vain
'Tis stern necessity that cous's
Me cross the briny main.
But gentle hopes still cheer my heart
Wi' prospects bright and gay,
And independence sends me forth,
And seems to lead my way.
Then fare thee well, my native land,
Now faded in the night,
Thy dark green hills have passed away
For ever from my sight.
But death's dark night shall fall on me,
And memory frae me part,
Before the thoughts of thee or thine
Can ever leave my heart.

Do not think that the Pioneers of the Argyle Settlement emigrated because they did not love their native land where in their youth they climbed the hills and roamed through the glens of Bonnie Scotland. There were ties of kindred that bound them together. Among the young people there were school mates and companions, among the older people there were church ties where they met to worship God in the old

Southend Church and the Long Row Church in Campbeltown. It was sad, the parting of friends and relatives who never expected to see each other again.

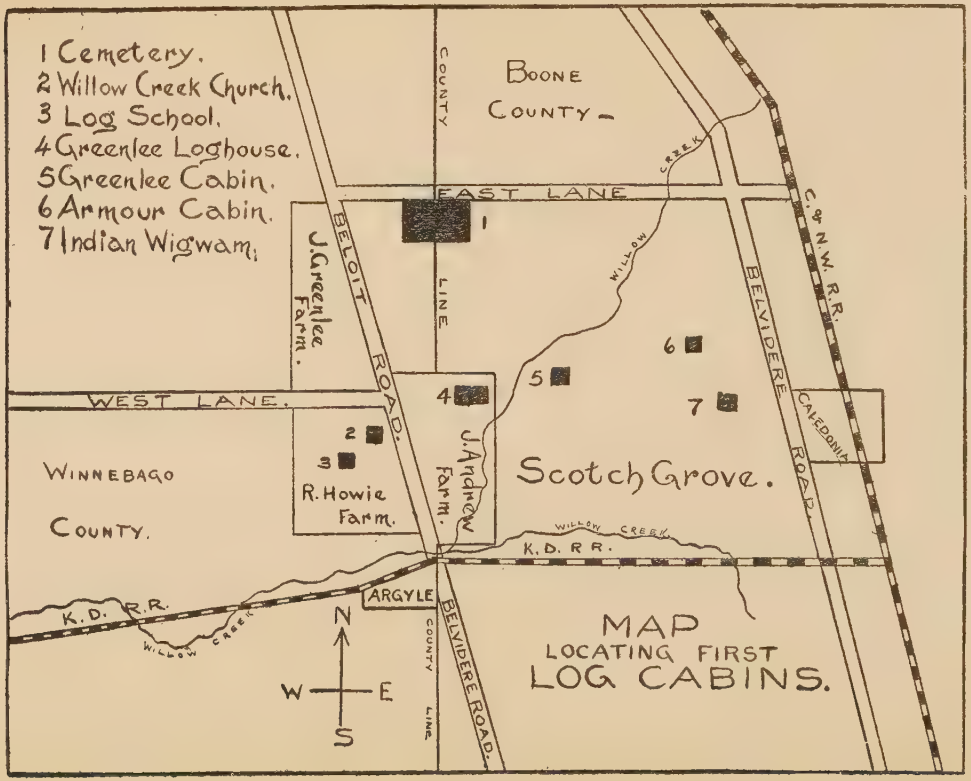
There was a combination of circumstances that led to the emigration of these Pioneers. First, a number of small farms were put together by the Duke to make larger farms that deprived a number of farmers of a place. Again, there were a series of poor crops, dull markets, and low prices, making it difficult for the tenants to pay their rents. It was not always the landlord's fault. It was often the fault of the factor or agent for the Duke of Argyle. John Stewart, the factor, showed no leniency to the poor tenants. It was said he oppressed them shamefully by taking away the little they had. At that time in Scotland there was a debtors room in connection with the prisons where debtors could be confined for a time. That law has been done away with long ago.

These Pioneers saw little prospect for their growing families to remain in Scotland and rather than have family ties sundered they were willing to emigrate with them to a new country. These emigrants were men and women of strong constitution, brave hearts, and willing hands with strong religious convictions of right toward God and man. They were willing to part with friends and companions and the churches to which they belonged that through toil and hardship they might gain for themselves homes of their own.

That we may better understand the kind of pioneers these people made, we might note some of their characteristics. Some years ago Dr. Gray, a Scotchman, in an article in the "Chicago Interior" gave a definition of the Scotchman as "The man who kept the Sabbath Day and everything else he could get his hands on." There are some exceptions to all rules in regard to keeping or holding as some of the most public spirited men in the world have been Scotchmen. As a race they are thrifty but not stingy in a good cause. Many of them

possess a sturdy independence and have a mind of their own not willing that others should think for them or dictate to them. A youth who was asked why he went to a debating society answered, "Oh, jest to contradict a wee." Another quality is that they are in earnest. When in the right they are persistent almost to dogged stubbornness; we call dourness. If some great principal is at stake they would die before they would change their convictions. That was a wise prayer which the Scotchman was said to have offered on one occasion. "Lord, grant that we may be in the right for thou knowest that we are very decided." It is well that with this rugged granite firmness is combined a measure of caution or in other words "being canny." Add to this a quaint humor or slyness and where there is need can be stinging and sarcastic. If a Scotchman sees something that he does not understand he will not show ignorance by asking foolish questions but will wait and find out some other way. Someone has said that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke through a Scotchman's head and that he cannot see it until the next day and that they have no sense of humor. Do not be deceived as he would not give you the satisfaction of knowing whether he saw the point or not. They are reserved in regard to sacred things, especially of spiritual matters and often feel a great deal more than they say. On one occasion a revival minister was holding an experience meeting when he asked an old Scotchman if he had any religion. His answer was, "I hav'na ony ta blaw aboot." Who can analyze or describe the Scottish character? Charles Reade, the author, said that the Scotch are icebergs with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice which is very cold and you shall get to the Scottish fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain.

As far as we are able to learn, the first to leave Kintyre for Illinois were the Armour boys, John and George, brothers, and their cousin, James Armour, who came in the year 1834 and


1 Cemetery.
2 Willow Creek Church.
3 Log School.
4 Greenlee Loghouse.
5 Greenlee Cabin.
6 Armour Cabin.
7 Indian Wigwam.
BOONE COUNTY
COUNTY LINE
EAST LANE
WEST LANE.
BELOIT ROAD.
J. Greenlee Farm.
J. Andrew Farm.
R. Howie Farm.
WINNEBAGO COUNTY.
WILLOW CREEK
C. & N. W. R.R.
BELVIDERE ROAD.
CALEDONIA
Scotch Grove.
K. D. R.R.
ARGYLE
N
W
E
S
MAP
LOCATING FIRST
LOG CABINS.

located at Ottawa. These young men were not farmers; they were tradesmen or mechanics. At this time Illinois was the farthest western state in the Union. Wisconsin was a territory and Iowa was the wild west. It was said that when Illinois was surveyed by the government that there was a ten mile strip of land across the north end of the state that was a question whether it would go to Wisconsin or Illinois. It was left to a vote of the settlers. Some of the pioneers thought that if they voted it to Wisconsn they could not raise corn so they voted it to Illinois. The state line between Wisconsin and Illinois is not very definite even at the present.

Thc circumstances which led to the locating of the Argyle Settlement are as follows: James Armour, who was a shoemaker and worked at his trade at Ottawa, came north with other gentlemen prospecting for land. He took up a claim to some prairie timber lands located on Willow Creek on the county line between Boone and Winnebago counties, afterwards known as the Scotch Grove. It is now owned by the Wm. A. Ralston Est., J. A. Picken Est., and Thomas Andrew Est. After a time James Armour gave up his claim to his cousins, John and George Armour. In order to hold the claim the government made it necessary for them to build a house and live on the land for a certain length of time. They came to the claim and built a log cabin on the east side of the Scotch Grove. This cabin was 14x14 feet square. It was said that they were mowing hay on the claim one very hot day when George hung his scythe on a tree and said to his brother John that he thought he could make a living easier than that. John said to him, "Your scythe is not hung right." He meant that the blade was not rightly adjusted to the handle. George pointed to the tree and said, "I think the scythe is hung right now." They left the claim and went back to Ottawa and from there went to Scotland on a visit. They had no thought at that time of being the forerunners of a colony of Kintyre

people in northern Illnois. On their return to Scotland they found the farmers in Kintyre in a serious condition. Like Caleb and Joshua of old, they reported a goodly land in America and the opportunity that the government gave to settlers to obtained homes of their own. John and George Armour did not remain long in Scotland. They had caught the western fever of adventure and returned to Ottawa.

Before going further with the history of the Pioneers it might be interesting to give a short sketch of George Armour. He was a wheel-wright and worked his way across the ocean as a cooper or ship carpenter. On his return to America he got his start in life by taking contracts on the Illinois and Michigan Canal work and on grading railroads. Later he took in a partner and owned and operated a number of grain elevators in Chicago and Ottawa. The name of the firm was "Armour and Doal" and later, "Armour and Munger." He became a millionaire, one of the merchant princes of America. Although he became so wealthy, he did not forget his native town and visited it often. He presented the town of Campbeltown with a red granite drinking fountain which stands today at the head of the quay, a useful monument to his memory. He contributed $500 to the building fund of the present Willow Creek church. He died at Brighton, England, a watering place twenty miles from London. Mrs. Armour died on their son's yacht in Cuban waters. Alison V. Armour, their son, became an artist and lived in Rome, Italy, being one of the founders of the art school at Rome.

Chapter III

Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlee, Pioneers and founders of the Argyle Settlement.

John Greenlee was born August 16, 1791, at Southend, Argyleshire, Scotland, and died at Belvidere, Boone County, Illinois, U. S. A., December 30, 1882. He is of an ancient family and can be traced back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Scotch branch was located in the parish of Lochrannoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland. He was married at Southend about 1820 to Helen Brown. Her father was Charles Brown and her mother, Elizabeth Ralston. Mrs. Greenlee died March 18, 1865 at Argyle, Winnebago County, Illinois. The story of John Greenlee leaving Scotland was told by the Pioneers to their children at the fireside in the early days, but it was not published except in a poem by the Reverend James Breckenridge, late minister of Streetsville, Canada. His book of poems was published in Toronto in the year 1860 but was written at an earlier date. John Greenlee had leased the farm five miles north of Campbeltown, known to-day as the Park Farm. Through a series of crop failures he was unable to pay his rent in full. The Duke of Argyle's Chamberlain, factor or agent, showed no mercy and levied on his stock and farm implements which were sold at auction. The amount of the sale was sufficient to pay the balance of the rent due but the factor was not satisfied. He wanted Mr. Greenlee to pay for the upkeep of the buildings and fences. This he could not do. The factor, John Stewart, got up a great report that John Greenlee had sown his fields with shelling seeds being the refuse from the meal. The farmers who knew John Greenlee and the farm said it was the greatest lie the factor ever told.

The Armours, who were nephews of Mr. Greenlee, had located at Ottawa, Illinois, before this time and had sent him word to come to America and had provided for the journey. It was the custom in Scotland for tradesmen to go to the farm

house and make shoes or clothes for the family. Two tradesmen were employed at the Park Farm getting the Greenlee family ready for their journey, the shoemaker being his brother-in-law, James Armour, father of the Armours who were at Ottawa. We can picture the household leaving the home in the evening coming to the main road at Pineiver five miles east of Campbeltown, then ten miles to Carradale where they would board the Campbeltown boat where they were to ship from Liverpool for New York. At Liverpool they were met by Hugh Gould, land stewart to the Duke of Argyle, who took Mr. Greenlee back to Campbeltown. John Greenlee bade his wife and family to go on. He knew that their friends and others in America would take care of them. Was not this a trying situation for them all, the family to proceed to a foreign land and the father taken back to be imprisoned in Campbeltown?

Mr. Greenlee did not lose heart. Accounts differ as to his getting free. One account was that when he and his guard returned to Campbeltown they were too soon for the opening of the public buildings and they had a room at the White Heart Hotel, corner of Main and Argyle Streets. Some claim that it was from the debtor's room he came out in the same way. A servant asked Mr. Greenlee if he would like to make his escape and he was told of an out building that had two doors. He asked to go and was allowed by the guard. He passed through another door from the court or coach yard. He then reached a friend's house where he stayed until darkness came, and getting the use of a ladies' long cloak and hood he and his friend ventured out. They had not gone far when they were met by one of their pursuers who did not recognize Mr. Greenlee. His friend exchanged greetings and they passed on. They got clear of town and went to Southend to his brother-in-law's, John Ralston (Elder), on the farm of Acharuah and remained there for a few days. Dur-

Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlee

ing this time the factor called out the farmers to search for Mr. Greenlee, John Thompson, who was father of Robert and John and grandfather of John W. Thompson of Caledonia, with a helper, thought to be Mr. McEachran, taking a row boat they ferried Mr. Greenlee across from Dunaverty Rock on the southern part of Kintyre to the coast of Ireland, a distance of thirty miles. The revenue boat was in pursuit. It appears here that Providence intervened in their behalf for there arose a dense fog and their pursuers lost sight of them. It is uncertain whether he landed in Ireland or boarded in the channel a large sailing vessel bound for New York. After four weeks on the ocean he landed in New York and was waiting to welcome his family. We have followed John Greenlee's journey from the Park Farm five miles north of Campbeltown, Argyleshire, Scotland, to New York. Let us return to his wife and family.

They sailed from Liverpool as had been arranged. Mrs. Greenlee was in a distressed state of mind and on nearing New York she was crying saying "what was she and her young family to do on reaching a foreign land and her husband a prisoner in Campbeltown." Her daughter came to comfort her and having clear vision she saw her father standing on the pier. She said, "Cheer up, Mother! Who is that on the pier! It is Father!" We can imagine the happy reunion of father and mother and children. From New York they went to Buffalo remaining there with friends for a time before coming to Chicago where they arrived in the early autumn of 1836. From there they went by wagon to Ottawa, Illinois, their destination. The following poem, written by Reverend James Breckenridge, late minister of Streetsville, Canada, was published in 1860 at Toronto will further explain the situation.

JOHN GREENLEES, THE PIONEER
1836
of the Kintyre Settlement, Illinois, U. S. A.

Lines written by a friend (J. B.)

It was in a delightful spot,
Of Caledonia's far-famed Isle;
That once had been my humble lot,
To plough the land, and till the soil.
At twenty-four—I mind it well,
Possessed of every youthful charm;
My father bade this earth farewell,
And I succeeded to his farm.
So then to farming I inclined
And farming was my native bent;
No ill forebodings filled my mind,—
I had no care, but pay the rent.
Both late and early at my work,
Bound, if I could, to make it pay;
I oft was up before the lark,
And long before the break of day.
And when the sun sunk in the west;
And brought my labours to a close;
Exhausted nature needed rest,
And then how sweet was calm repose!
My youth and vigor thus were spent,
An honest livelihood to gain;
The care and toil I underwent,
I little dreamed were all in vain.
From day to day, from year to year,
I struggled on to pay the rent;
But still more hard it did appear,
The more anxiety I spent.
Cold, wet and dreary summers came,
My crops were small and poor in kind;
Low prices too; was I to blame,
If I should fall somewhat behind?
Our landlord was a man—in fact,

Just like most others of his kind;
The rigid sum he would extract,
And oust you if you fell behind.
Not that I mean to charge his Grace,
With all my troubles and my cares;
For he knew nothing of my case—
His factor managed his affairs.
And he like other little men,
Who will their own importance know;
Was so delighted, now and then,
His great authority to show.
All knew him haughty and severe,
No one his clemecy besought;
In his dread presence to appear,
Has cost me many anxious thought.
For when that dreaded day would come
On which we used the rent to pay
How he would wrench the stated sum
And would admit of small delay!
Yea, sometime, yet I think I see,
The haughty and contemptous frown;
How he could scorn the like or me,
As a poor low-lifed rustic clown.
And we, poor tenants at his bar
Would stand appalled our fate to know!
As if his breath could send us far,
Into the pit of endless woe!
Who dared to act a manly part?
Meet scorn with scorn, and pride with pride?
Alas! each manly, noble heart,
That scorned to creep, had crossed the tide.
And such the case will always be,
Till freedom breaks the clanking chain;
The mind unfettered then and free,

Its independence will gain.
It will not stoop then to adore,
A man for wealth or lofty birth;
Undoubtedly will value more,
A man for real moral worth.
But to return—with anxious care,
From year to year, I struggled on;
But naught was for me but despair,
For every ray of hope was gone.
No sooner did my master know
That my affairs became so bad;
Than he like a relentless foe,
Sequestered every thing I had.
And soon it publicly was told
That I insovent had become,
And all I had was to be sold,
To pay up the indebted sum.
But one thing—though I had been poor
My stock had always been complete
And that I always hoped as sure,
The just demands of debt to meet.
The day of public sale arrived;
And I dejected and depressed
Behold myself of all deprived,
That ever I had once possessed.
When ascertaining the amount
Of what my whole effects came to,
I found when squared with my account
It covered more than what was due.
Just at this juncture, I would say,
Let all this simple lesson read:—
When man becomes the spoiler's prey,
No limits can be set on greed.
For he was not content to claim,

What I had owed him of the rent;
While one bare farthing did remain,
He swore he would not be content.
My house he did examine well;
And when he spied out a defect
His wits were set at work to tell
If it was caused by my neglect.
And hedges, ditches, fences too,
That long had fallen to decay;
For what would almost make the new,
I every farthing had to pay.
Law for each action he might show,
And screen himself that fair plea;
But thus to skin a mortal so,
Could never, never, justice be.
This cast upon the world wide
Of every earthly stay bereft;
And for dependents to provide,
Without a single fraction left.
But though reduced to that extreme,
Did that my happiness destroy?
Ah, no there is a sacred stream,
Of never failing heart-felt joy.
It gave me pleasure to reflect:—
—Though want did stare me in the face—
No sloth—no criminal neglect
On my part brought me to disgrace.
And this in conscious innocence,
How cheerfully I could submit
To what an all wise Providence
For my disposal had seen fit.
I fancied after proper thought—
Two schemes presented to my view;
And to a sad dilemma thought,

The one or other had to do.
To earn my bread by servile toil
By patient and industrious hand
Or leave my native lovely isl
And venture to a foreign land
The former I was loth to do,
If I could find a better way;
The latter had its dangers too
And what had I the cost to pay?
I had relations then who trod,
America's far distant west;
And when my hopes were turned abroad
To them a letter I addressed.
And unto them though far away,
I humbly stated all my case;
Harassed with rent, unfit to pay,
I humbly asked their advice.
It happened well! just on those days,
A letter I from them received,
Which gave to Canada great praise
Though little of it I believed.
And more than that, the money sent,
Enough my passage out to pay;
And bade me take the money lent,
And cross the sea without delay.
My object was plain to all—
To honest friend and ruthless foe:
Through hardship, and danger great or small
I firmly was resolved to go.
But ah! how did the thoughts create,
A feeling of sincere regret
Alas! thought I hard is my gate
And sad the tear it does beget.
Acquaintances I've here secured,

Whose love is twined around my heart
Whose friendship has from youth endured
And must we now forever part?
O, Scotland! must I now forsake
Thy lovely vales and towering hills;
Thy shady grove, thy silvery lakes,
Thy naked rocks and flowing rills?
To leave old Caledonia's strand,
To bid adieu to Scotia's shore;
The beauties of my native land,
Most likely to behold no more!
Far in the regions of the West,
To tread an unfrequented wild;
Perhaps by social joys unblessed
For human intercourse exiled.
By day and night pursue my way
By weary, anxious toil; and then
To dwell with howling beasts of prey
And what is worse with savage men.
To toil beneath a scorching sun,
To shrink before a wintry blast;
And when life's latest sands have run,
There lay my weary bones at last.
Such were the notions I had
Such were the thoughts that filled my mind
No wonder then, my heart was sad
To leave my native land behind.
The time arrived—I stepped on board,
A large and splendid sailing ship;
And the Almighty's care implored
We launched upon the stormy deep.
Four weeks had quietly glided by;
One morning as I lay in bed,
I was awakened by the cry,

"Awake! awake! there's land ahead."
I hastened up to get a sight,
Of that great land I journeyed to;
The morning was serene and bright
And nothing to obscure my view.
Far as the vision of my eye
A pleasing prospect could sustain
Wide stretched along the verging sky—
All seemed one vast extended plain.
A sylvan scene fair to the eye,
Leaves gently quivering in the breeze;
While here and there I could descry,
White houses peeping through the trees.
Before me, smoke I saw arise,
Up curling in high career;
And spires unnumbered pierced the skies—
Without a cloud, so bright and clear.
But to describe the lovely scene,
How impotent is all my skill!
Though many years now intervene,
I see it plain before me still.
Doubtless the pleasure it inspired,
Could partly to this cause be traced—
That any scene may be admired,
Compared with the wide oceans waste.
And this will just explain as well,
Why pleasures never felt before;
Is felt by those, who then inhale,
The balmy odours from the shore.
"Is this the land at last?" I cried,
Which Fancy pictured out so wild
My ill forebodings all had fled,
And I at once was reconciled.
The dangers of the sea were o'er,

When anchored safe in New York bay;
And glad to safely reach the shore,
And further still pursue my way.
O'er rivers, forests, lakes and plains,
My route I carefully did trace;
Till after all my toils, and pains,
I safely reached my destined place.
Each varied incident since then,
Is not my object to unfold;
Each honest man can well attain,
The same position I now hold.
I laboured hard at first a while,
And by that means myself sustained
And through some years of patient toil
An independence I have gained.
Though once if I the rent coul dpay,
I thought my prospects fair and bright;
I have now a farm which I can say,
It is my own indisputed right.
To cultivate it as I please,
To work it just as I think fit;
To raise a crop of corn or peas,
Of oats, of barley or of wheat.
No longer to be dispossessed,
At a capricious tyrant's will;
Obsequious wait his high behest,
Or his revengeful ire to feel.
I pass not sleepless nights of woe,
Permeditating on my fate;
I covet no man's lot below—
I envy not the rich or great.
Ilive not for ambition's sake;
Vain are the hopes she does inspire;
An honest living I can make,

And that is all that I desire.
My children are not now compelled
To wander on a foreign shore;
And I myself in bondage held,
To meet with them again no more.
What it gives a parent's heart,
To see his offspring place around!
What pleasure from that source apart,
Can in this callous world be found.
My vague ideas of this land,
Were all unfounded and untrue;
The comforts of my fatherland,
I can enjoy in this place too.
Of social pleasures we can taste,
Which unto many are denied,
By every fond endearment blend
Unmissed by ostentatious pride.
I rarely hear a savage howl,
That would produce the slightest fear;
Naught but the solitary owl,
In the midnight silence I can hear.
And as for savage men, there's none,
That by that name I'm free to call,
Save some stray Indian with his gun
And he is harmless unto all.
Surrounded by the lonely wood,
I offer up my fervent prayer;
Here I can humbly worship God
Free from distracting worldly care.
Some discontented here I see;
No state is wholly free from cares;
Methinks they would contented be
If my experience had been theirs.
There is one thought that gives one pain,

And it is one I may express—
How many honest men remain,
In Scotland still, in dire distress.
Industrious, careful, hard wrought men
Who toil, and strive with ceaseless care
To earn their scanty bread; and then
Contempt and cruel scorn to bear.
Their strength and vigour they engage,
To feed some worthless lordling's pride;
And then perhaps in helpless age
Be cast adrift on life's rough tide.
O, Scotland! when wilt thou be found
To slack thy overbearing reins?
The prowess of thy sons is bound,
By the most cruel, servile chains.
Thy sturdy sons from thee are torn
Who might have been thy flower and pride
Far o'er the raging billows borne
To earn that bread thou hast denied.
And welcome to our western clime,
Their native vigour to put forth;
And may the testing march of time,
Annex a tribute to their worth.
Such men indeed are just the stuff,
Our heavy timbered lands to clear;
There's room enough and land enough
And peace, and joy and plenty here.
For my own part, I bless the day—
Yea I have reason to rejoice
That when I crossed the stormy sea
And did make Belvidere my choice.
Here—till this transient life shall end;
Here—till its toils and turmoils cease;
Here—may it be my lot to spend,
My few remaining days in peace!

The following is a copy of the indictment in the Sheriff's Court in Campbeltown, Argyllshire, Scotland, taken from the public records. It is recorded here for the purpose of showing the conditions and laws that existed in Scotland in 1834, in regard to landlords and tenants.

At Campbeltown 4th day of December, 1836. Sitting in judgment Dugald MacTavish substitute of the District of Kintyre to Robert Bruce advocate sheriff of the County of Argyll in an action before the sheriff court of the said district at the disposal of Charles Telkrig, accountant in Edinburgh, trustee for his Grace George William, Duke of Argyll, pursuer against John Greenlee's tenant in the farm of Keroblinraid, and James Brown and Arch'd Brown tenants in the farm of Keroblinraid (now known as Park Farm) defenders, the sheriff substitute in absence decreed and ordained and hereby decerns and ordains the said defenders to make payment to the said pursuer of the respective sums of money after mentioned as follows visit the said John Greenlees of the sum of £110 sterling, being the balance of rent of said farm of Keroblinraid (or Park Farm) due at the term of Martinmas, 1834, still un-in manner libelled item of the lawful interest of the said sum from and since the same became due and till paid item of the sum of £1-1-6 sterling being his proportion of the expenses of process item of the sum of 31 sterling further as his proportion of the expenses of extracting this decreet and recording the same, and the said James Brown and Arch'd Brown of the sum £65 pounds sterling being the year's rent of the said farm of Kerblinraid, due at the term of martinmas, 1834, in manner libelled item of the lawful interest of the said sum from and since the same became due and till paid item of the sum of £1-1-6 sterling being their proportion of expenses process item the sum of £31 sterling further being their proportion of the expenses of extracting this decreet and recording the same and ordains instant execu-

tion by Anestment and also excution by pounding to pass here on after a charge of fifteen days hereby Wanandted be given is orderly given and expired also ordains att to here execution necessary to pass and be direct her on in form as affairs extract written and signed by Lachan McIsaac Depute clerk 19th June, 1836.

Chapter IV.

JOHN GREENLEE TAKES UP CLAIM

In the month of December, 1836, John Greenlee, accompanied by his nephew, John Armour, and two helpers, started for the Armour claim. The weather was very cold and the streams were high and difficult to cross. There were no bridges those days and one of the helpers fell through the ice and was nearly drowned. He begged of them to let him sleep. Mr. Greenlee knew that if they let him sleep that meant death. They tormented him until he became angry and in that way saved the man's life. They came to the claim and erected a log cabin, 14x14 feet, on the north side of the grove. There was also an Indian wigwam built of poles. Then they returned to Ottawa for the winter. There are two branches of Willow Creek and the Scotch Grove is located between them, mostly in Boone County.

In the year 1827 a bill was passed in Congress which granted to the state of Illinois, government lands for the construction of a canal. This was a strip of land ten miles wide, giving every alternate section from Lake Michigan to the Illinois river, being from Chicago to Ottawa. When these public lands were sold the proceeds were to be used for the construction of the canal in much the same way as school sections were disposed of. After a great deal of legislating and delay, the work of constructing the canal actually began July 4, 1836, at which time a public celebration was held in Chicago. This was the first boom that Chicago had in the sale of town lots. It was known as the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and was completed in the year 1848. It connected the Illinois River with Lake Michigan, south of Chicago. In the winter of 1836, Mr. Greenlee worked as a stone mason on the aqueduct of the canal at Ottawa. Many of the pioneers were experts at laying stone as some of the houses and basements for barns still remain in

the colony which were built by them.

In the spring of 1837, during the month of March, through the advice of the Armours, Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlee and their young family came to the Armour claim and occupied the Armour log cabin, as the pioneers of the Argyle Settlement. All the land in this vicinity had been the hunting grounds of the Winnebago tribe of Indians after which this county was named. The government had bought it from them and paid them at Fort Dearborn, Chicago. At the junction of the Boulevard and River Street is a tablet that marks the site of old Fort Dearborn. The Indians passed through this locality on their western march before the tide of emigration to other reservations west of the Mississippi River. The ashes of their campfires were still on the ground when our pioneers located on this colony. There was something pathetic about the way the Indian migrated, going single file across the prairie, carrying their children and little belongings. Indian trails could be traced years afterward.

The first night in the cabin had its terrors for the Greenlee family. There was no door in the cabin and a woolen blanket was hung across the entrance to keep out the cold. Wolves were plentiful in the country at that time. During the night, the wolves gathered near the cabin and howled dismally. We can imagine the terror of our pioneers, knowing how little protection they had from the savage beasts. Although game was plentiful in the country at that time, other food was scarce. There was no grain raised in this locality except a little corn that the Indians had planted. Mr. Greenlee bought corn from an Indian, paying a high price and husking it himself, grown on the ground where the Catholic church now stands on North Second street, Rockford, Illinois.

That the young people may have a better understanding of the hardships of the early settlers, the following incident will illustrate. Mr. Greenlee, not having oxen or wagon,

carried a sack of grain on his back to a mill at Newberg on the Kishwaukee River, there being no provisions for the family until his return. Speaking of the incident years afterwards, Mr. Greenlee said that he shed tears as he went with the grain. The promise was fulfilled in that "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

In these days we hear people spoken of as having an iron will. If anyone possessed an iron will it was Mr. and Mrs. Greenlee, for to their heroic endurance and untiring energy is due, in a large measure, the success of this colony. The first white man to call at the Greenlee cabin was Horace Dyer who later settled on the spring about a mile west of Argyle. A few weeks after their arrival, one still morning, Mr. Greenlee heard the sound of some one chopping wood north of the claim. He thought it could not be Indians as they were not noted for doing such work so he decided to investigate. It proved to be Henry and Charles Babcock who had taken up a claim. Their claim later was the Alexander McNair and John Ralston farms, extending as far north as the Kinnikinnick Creek. The Babcocks proved to be the kindest of neighbors and Christian men, Henry Backcock being a lay Methodist and held religious services in the colony years afterwards. About this time the Enoch family had located on the south side in Guilford. With the Babcock family on the north and the Enochs on the south, our pioneers took courage feeling that they were not entirely alone.

In the summer of 1837 Mr. Greenlee took up a claim for himself. It was the land joining the Armour claim on the west side, now owned by the Charles Andrew Est. and Thomas Andrew Est. During the summer months he was busy preparing logs to build a larger house on his claim. Mr. Greenlee had made a wagon of hard wood having solid wheels sawed from logs, with wooden linch pins.

There was not a nail or bolt in the wagon. He had purchased a team of oxen. Their names were Lion and Brown and were the pioneer ox team of the Argyle Settlement. They were large, well-built animals nearly black with white markings like the modern Holstein cattle and had fine large curving horns. How many boys and girls of to-day have seen an ox team at work in the field? There may be one or two yokes with the bows to be found yet in the garrets of some of the farm houses. Mr. Greenlee had a horse, a bay, with which he drew the logs to the site of the log house by means of a log chain. He also made a sort of sled to which he could hitch the horse and in this way draw the material for the roof and the smaller timbers. Afterwards this horse and sled proved a great help in moving the old country chest from the cabin to the double log house.

With the assistance of the Babcocks and the Enochs, Mr. Greenlee erected the double log house with a fireplace at each end. It was a good thought for him to build such a large house as it was a welcome resting place for many families who came later. The men who assisted Mr. Greenlee in building the house were from the New England States and were experts with the axe and knew how to fit the corners and finish the roof. There are a very few of these log houses now standing. There is one near the Sanitarium, North Second street, Rockford, Illinois. The exact location of the Greenlee double log house was at the northeast corner of the John Andrew farm now owned by Thomas Andrew, Est. Mr. Greenlee having sold eighty acres of his claim to John Andrew at a later date which included the site of the double log house. Whatever else the pioneers might lack, they had plenty of wood to burn and plenty of water to drink. As a rule the pioneers settled near springs or creeks. Water and wood could be had without much regard to the quality of the soil. That is one reason why some of the best farms were left for

those who came later. In this humble home in the Scotch Grove on June 27, 1837, Ellen Greenlee was born, being certainly the first child of the colony and many believe the first in the county. She was later known as Mrs. James Ralston of Guilford. Three of her sons survive her, William Ralston, John G. and Earl.

The next family to emigrate from Kintyre to Illinois was Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Reid. They followed nearly the same journey as the Greenlee family, leaving the home land in 1837. They spent the winter at Ottawa where Mr. Reid worked on the canal. Wm. H. Reid, their son, was born at Ottawa. In the spring of 1838, they came to the Armour claim and occupied one of the cabins, remaining there until they moved to their own farm. George Greenlee of Belvidere told the following incident when these two families lived in the Scotch Grove. One day the prairie got on fire and threatened to run through the timber and burn the cabins. Hugh Reid had bought a calf which he had tethered near the cabin. He removed the calf to a place of safety and on his return his good wife accosted him by saying, "Ye think mar o' the safety o' the sturk as ye da o' the bairns." The first corn that Mr. Greenlee and Mr. Reid planted was put in the ground with a spade. What would the young farmer of to-day think of planting corn with a spade. In the summer of 1839, James S. Reid was born, being the first male child of the colony.

In the year 1839, the following families emigrated from Scotland: George Picken, Robert Howie, James Picken, Andrew Giffen, and Alexander McDonald. George Picken, leaving his family with Uncle Greenlee, went to Cincinnati, Ohio to see the country before settling on a farm. Later, they bought part of the Armour claim, the farm now owned by the John A. Picken, Est.

The following is taken from a letter of the Rev. John

Giffen in regard to the coming of his father's family and relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Giffen and six children. "James Picken and family, Robert Howie and his mother and Mrs. Janet Howie, Alexander McDonald and family sailed from Greenock, July 4, 1839, in the sailing vessel named Marion under Captain Pearson. It took fifty-three days to Chicago and a week longer to reach Rockford and the Argyle Settlement. We were about one hundred days from Argyleshire, Scotland to Argyle, Illinois, a journey that can now be made in less than fourteen days.

Alexander McDonald and family settled on eighty acres of land being the southern part of the farm now owned by Hugh Smith. About this time there was a saw mill near the Abbie Farm on the Beaver Creek where the settlers could bring logs and have them sawed into lumber. The McDonald house was framed like a barn and bricked on the inside. The McDonald family consisted of six sons and one daughter, the youngest who died in infancy. The parents both died, leaving six orphan boys. The family had to be separated. William, the oldest, made his home with James Picken, Alexander with William Harvey, Robert and John lived with their Uncle Robert Howie, James made his home with Hugh Reid, and Andrew, the youngest, with Andrew Giffen. The farm was sold to William Ferguson and the house was used for a school for a time.

James Picken had his share of trouble on leaving Scotland with the Giffen family on July 4, 1839. His wife died on the ocean and was buried at sea, leaving the husband with three young children. They stayed in Ohio one year before coming to the colony.

In the year 1840, the following families came to the colony. William Ferguson, John Andrew, Alexander Reid, Robert Armour, and Samuel Howie. William Ferguson was a carpenter to trade and made some of the tables and other furniture

that was in use in the early days and also made the caskets that were required. Lumber was kept in the loft of the log school house for that purpose. John Andrew bought part of the Greenlee claim, the farm now owned by Thomas Andrew, Est. He was an enterprising man and was the founder of the village of Argyle. Robert Armour was a cousin of George and John Armour and settled on part of their claim. He was a shoemaker to trade before coming to America. Samuel Howie and family emigrated to Canada in 1836 coming to this locality in 1840. They located on the farm now owned by William Smith. Alexander Reid left Scotland a single young man. He worked a year in Cincinnati, Ohio, before coming to the colony. Sandy, as he was called, was a typical Scotchman. His marriage to Miss Jenny Picken was the first marriage in the settlement which took place March 25, 1842. Sandy often wore an overall jacket with band and frill and when in earnest conversation would hold the corners in his hands. He used to tell the young men that he never went to see his girl friend at night, that he asked her in broad day light if she would marry him and she said yes, and that he did not wear out any sole leather in his courtship.

In the year 1841 the following families came: Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Ralston and family and two brothers, David and John, who were single. They owned the land where the village of Caledonia is located. Mr. Ralston told his friends that he had twenty-five cents in silver left after his long journey. He had five sons, Robert, John, Gavin, Alexander, and William. They were all successful in life. The same year, John Picken, who was a brother of George Picken, came and located on the land adjoining his brother. Mr. and Mrs. John McEachran and two sons left Scotland in 1838. They were six weeks on the voyage coming in the same ship as John Picken. They went to Michigan, located near Detroit where James McEachran was born. Mr. John McEachran received no pay for

his first year's work, the man he worked for having failed. All he received was an axe. Like many of the pioneers he had to hue his way to success with his axe. He worked another year in Michigan, coming to the colony in 1841 locating on the east lane. In 1862 Mr. McEachran was elected an elder in the Willow Creek church.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey and family of three sons and four daughters crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel named the Czar. They arrived at the John Greenlee home on the seventeenth of July, 1841. Mr. Harvey was a tanner to trade and had a leather store in Campbeltown before coming to Illinois. Mrs. J. O. Gregory of N. Horsman street, Rockford, Illinois, relates the following incident. She was a young girl attending school in the village of Rockford and staying with a married sister, Mrs. Parker. Her father, John Greenlee, came to Rockford with the oxen and wagon to bring her home. At that time there were no roads or fences in the country. They could drive across the prairie. They were a long time on the way home. Her father told her that another family had arrived from Scotland. When she got home that evening she saw a little infant child asleep on the lid of an old country chest and the mother standing by its side. That child was Margaret Harvey, who years later was Mrs. William Giffen.

There were seventeen families located in the colony in 1841. They did not neglect their religious obligations and met for Sunday service at the home of John Greenlee or Andrew Giffen, slab benches being used for seats. Mr. Babcock, a lay Methodist and Rev. Forte, a Baptist minister, living near the Sanitarium, also Isreal Soverign of New Milford, supplied them. Two Methodist circuit ministers, Rev. Cain and Rev. Bronze, preached for them at different times. The weekly prayer meeting was held on Wednesday evening at one of the settler's homes. They often went with oxen and

sleigh on such occasions. It was the custom for the head of the house to read a chapter in the Bible by way of opening the meeting.

The first school in the colony was a private school taught by Miss Janet Giffen, who later was Mrs. Birdsall of Chicago. It was intended at first for their own family, but took in a number of the neighbor children. In the spring of 1841, logs were cut by the settlers for the purpose of building a school-house. They were hauled by oxen to a site near the John Greenlee quarry on the farm now owned by the Charles Andrew, Est. The following year a meeting was called to take further action in regard to the building. It was decided to move the logs to a more central location. Some thought that the logs were too long and the building would be too large and difficult to heat. John Andrew advised them not to cut the logs any shorter as more families were expected from Scotland. In 1842 the log school-house was built on Robert Howie's farm, south and west of where the church now stands. The building stood with gable ends east and west, one door on the south side, three windows, one on the north, south, and east, with a fireplace in the west end. The seats, or benches, were slabs hewn from logs, each family providing a seat. This building was used for a day school, Sunday school, and church service for a number of years. It was in this building that the Willow Creek church was organized.

Chapter V
EARLY DAYS

The late Mrs. J. O. Gregory of Rockford, Illinois, who was an eye witness and experienced the trials and hardships of the pioneer days describes the country as it appeared at that time and notes the changes that have taken place since the early days, she tells her own story in a very interesting way.

"Some reminiscences of the early days by Mrs. Jeanette Greenlee Gregory, daughter of John Greenlee, the pioneer of the Scotch Settlement.

It was in 1836 that Father and his family came from Argyleshire, Scotland, to America, landing in New York City in July. From New York City, the route was up the Hudson River to Albany, then across the state to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, thence around the Great Lakes down to Chicago. At Chicago, Father hired two men with their teams and covered wagons to take us to Ottawa, Illinois.

The family at this time consisted of Father and Mother and six children, the eldest, sister Martha, being about thirteen years old, then Elizabeth, George, Charles, Jeanette (myself), about three, and John, about one year old. Mother had also brought with her to the new country a servant girl, Christina Galbraith, who had been with her all her married life in Scotland.

It was on this journey from Chicago to Ottawa by wagon that Father had the first experience with the Indians. The country outside of Chicago was exceedingly muddy and the second day out one of the heavily loaded wagons stuck in the mud and the neck yoke, or something about one of the wagons, broke, making it necessary to hunt up some one to repair it, which was no easy matter. We must remember that in 1836 this region was almost unbroken territory. The few settlers scattered far and wide and the country entirely unknown to Father. It was getting late in the afternoon. Leaving one of

the teamsters to protect the family and wagons, Father started out with the other man and had travelled a long distance when suddenly he came upon a camp of Indians, sitting around their campfire. Father thought the best thing to do was to walk up fearlessly and show that he had no weapons and only wanted help. But the instant they heard footsteps every brave jumped to his feet and seized his gun. Father said afterwards that his heart stood still, for he knew that he was entirely in the power of the savages. However, he had the presence of mind to take out his pipe and light it at their campfire and then to give them all the tobacco he had with him and to show them the broken neck yoke and make signs as to what he wanted. Then gradually the Indians calmed down and seemed satisfied that he intended no harm and by signs directed him to a white man who could help him out. So the yoke was repaired and we resumed our journey, reaching Ottawa in safety, where we remained that fall and winter.

It was while staying in Ottawa and waiting to locate his new claim that Father worked on the Aqueduct of the Illinois and Michigan Canal as a mason. In December he came up from Ottawa with John Armour and two workmen and located his claim in what is now known as the Scotch Settlement, Winnebago County.

Early the next spring he moved up the family and we lived in a cabin temporarily until our own log house should be built. This was the Armour cabin on the east side of the grove. Everything was new and strange to the family and mother must have spent many lonely days that first summer. Father was very busy getting material ready for the new log house and there was a good deal of work to be done. Fortunately he had taken with him from Scotland quite an assortment of tools which he knew would be needed in a new country. He was very skillful in using them and making things, so in this way our house was better equipped with conveniences than it otherwise

would have been. He also brought with him a compass which proved invaluable, enabling him to keep his directions in a country without roads or landmarks of any kind.

To show that children in those days had to be brave and manly beyond their years, I will relate a little incident about brother George which occured that first summer of 1837 shortly after we came from Ottawa. A man by the name of McBride had come into the country and taken up land and was building a house a mile and a half north of Belvidere. Hearing of Father he came and asked him to build his chimney. Father walked to Belvidere prepared to stay one night. He took George, then about eight and a half years old, with him, as it was necessary to send him back alone that same day with some things necessary for the family. It was a long lonesome walk for the small boy, over a trackless country of wood and brush and not a habitation between our cabin and what is now Belvidere, and George had never been far from home before. So Father thoughtfully took his hatchet with him and "blazed a trail" as they walked along so that George could find his way home, which he did in safety, for he was a brave son of a brave pioneer father. As I think of it now, after all these years, it was taking a great risk, as there might have been Indians lurking about, or wild beasts.

I think it was on this same trip that Father took George to see Big Thunder on his burial mound on the very site where the Court House now stands in Belvidere. Big Thunder was an Indian chief who had recently come to his death and as was the custom of the Indians, he was buried above ground in a sitting posture, dressed in his blanket and war paint and headdress of feathers and surrounded by his tomahawks and knives, pipes and tobacco. The whole space was enclosed in a palisade of heavy split pickets, strong enough to keep out wild beasts. The sight made a vivid impression on the little boy and he often described it afterward. Squaw Prairie on

which Belvidere is now located was a favorite summer camping ground of the wandering tribes of the Winnebagoes.

As I look back now, I sometimes wonder how Father and Mother were able to supply the daily needs of the family in that first year or two in the new world. I am sure that none of us suffered from cold or hunger. There was always plenty of wood provided for the fireplace and as for clothing and bed-furnishings, those great chests which we brought from Scotland contained enough to last us several years. But food supplies were high and scarce and difficult to obtain, nothing being raised here yet and we were many miles from any base of supplies, Chicago and Ottawa being the nearest. I have heard father say that he paid $25 for a barrel of pork and $21 for a barrel of flour, the pork coming from Indiana. It must have required a good deal of fore-thought to see that there were enough provisions on hand, as it would have been disastrous in the wilderness to let the food supply run out. Fortunately wild game was abundant and that helped out with the meat supply.

It was while Father was working in the grove, getting out timber for the new log house, that he observed bees flying about and traced them to hollow trees where they were storing their honey. So the family had plenty of honey for the getting. In the grove the wild game was plentiful, especially prairie chickens, quail and pigeons. Pheasants and partridges were quite numerous also. There were wild turkeys too, but they were more shy.

I remember well one of the older children showing me the nest of a wild turkey under a brush near where Father was working. We did not know till afterwards that those large speckled eggs, so different from hen's eggs, were those of a turkey.

Then there were hawks and owls in great variety, also crows and sand-hill cranes. We often saw and heard great

flocks of wild geese flying over and alighting in the sloughs.

The native animals, I remember, were the deer, which were quite plentiful, wolves, wild cats, mink, weasel, rabbits and squirrels. Also large land turtles and last of all plenty of snakes, the bane of a new country. I have said the deer were quite plentiful and I think this particular place must have been their favorite haunt, at least one of them. There was a spring on Father's claim near the stone quarry where the deer came every morning to drink. I can still see in memory the graceful creatures as they left the spring or lingered to browse on the hazel brush near where Willow Creek church now stands, before they disappeared into the big grove farther south and east. As more settlers came into the country these shy animals grew more and more scarce and finally disappeared altogether.

There were also the beautiful song birds with their brilliant plumage but Mother thought their song did not sound as sweet to her as that of the mavis and laverock of "Bonnie Scotland."

I must make mention of the beautiful flowers that grew wild, carpeting the prairie with their brilliant coloring, red, pink, purple, white, blue, and yellow, each in its season. There were asters, cardinal flowers, wild tiger lilies, shooting stars, lady slippers, cranes-bill geraniums and Indian compass.

The air was fragrant in spring with blossoms of the wild crab apple, wild plums, cherry, blackberry, and red raspberry. There were also juniper berries, thorn apples and abundance of wild strawberries.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

An experience of that first summer (1837) that is stamped on my memory from hearing it related, is the prairie fire. Father and Mother were awakened about midnight by a roaring noise and on getting up and looking out they saw, to their horror, a great fire off towards the south, driven by the wind towards the house. On and on the fire came with great leaps and bounds, over the prairie, licking up the long prairie grass

and brush and running up the trees as it came into the grove. It was a terrifying sight and father fully realized that there was no way of escape unless a higher power intervened. Father and Mother gathered the children together and waited in an agony of mind, for they knew not what. When the fire was nearly upon us, seemingly from a clear sky came a deluge of rain, like a cloud burst and extinguished the flames. Father always said "It was the Hand of God" and counted it one of his merciful providences that the family was saved on that awful night. When the light of the next morning came, the bare, black ground and the blackened tree trunks, in the wake of the fire, testified to our narrow escape.

As I have said it was very lonely for the family in the cabin that summer as, for the first fourteen weeks after coming from Ottawa, Mother had not seen a person except her own family. One day sister Martha came running in exclamaing, "Mother, there's a man coming through the brush," and she hastily added "He is a white man at that." For she knew Mother had a fear of the Indians. The white man proved to be Horace Dyer, who was prospecting for land.

The summer of 1837 wore away and the time was drawing near for the completion of the log house. Father's was still the only Scotch family here, but a few other settlers had been coming in, and by this time there were five men within a radius of six miles who came to help Father with the raising of the logs and putting on the roof. These men were all Americans, and they were exceedingly kind and helpful and knew how to take told of things in a new country. The spot where Father chose to locate the log house was near the Boone County line, between a quarter and a half mile northeast of the present Willow Creek church and back in the field from the present State Road, which was not then laid out. Father afterward sold the eighty acres on which the house stood to Mr. John Andrew, Sr.

We moved in October and here we were to make our home for a number of years.

I remember perfectly the log house with its two great chimneys and fire-places and its two large rooms, but will not take space to describe it here.

Many are the memories that cluster about the home. It was here that my two younger sisters, Helen and Ann, were born, and here that my two elder sisters, Martha and Elizabeth were married. Helen was the first child born in the Scotch Settlement. It was in this house also that so many families coming from Scotland in the next few years found a hearty welcome and a home with our family until their own houses were built.

I never remember the time that Father did not have daily family worship in the home. He read a chapter from the Bible, then all joined in the singing of a hymn or psalm after which Father offered prayer. Each of the older children had a Bible of his own and followed the reading carefully, while the little ones, who could not yet read looked on with an older brother or sister, tracing the words with a finger. It was in this way that I learned the way to read for we had no school books.

The first school I attended was that of Miss Janet Giffen, who had opened a private school in her father's house shortly after they came from Scotland. That was in the summer. The next winter, brother George and I were sent to Rockford to attend a school there and stay at sister Martha's, who by this time had married Mr. Parker and was living in Rockford. The school was located south of State street near where the City Hall now stands and the teacher was Miss Hutchinson, a lady from the East. The next summer I went to a school in Rockford taught by Miss Barnum, who also came from the East. The school was located north of State street on the present site of the East Side Park.

I recall that it was when I came home from attending this school in 1841 that the William Harvey family had arrived from Scotland and were staying at father's and how delighted I was to see so many children, and that there were girls in the family who would be companions for me.

In 1842 the log school house was built and we then attended there, Mr. Lovesee being the first teacher. I distinctly remember an incident that happened one day at this school during Mr. Lovesee's term. I refer to the passing of a long line of Indians. The teacher dismissed his school so that the children could go outside and get a good view of the interesting spectacle. We could see the Indians in the distance winding along the trail towards the school house after crossing Willow Creek. They passed right by the east end of the school house. The braves were mounted on their Indian ponies, carrying their guns, and I recall how straight each one sat looking stolidly ahead, neither to right or left. Straggling along after them, on foot, of course, came the squaws, carrying the burdens, and many a one had her papoose strapped on her back. It was in early spring, a cold bleak day, and the women were thoroughly chilled. We saw three of the squaws leave the procession and go down to Robert Howie's house. A few of the little school girls, including Elizabeth and Mary Picken and myself, followed at a distance and went in after them. They had come to beg, and Robert Howie's sister, Mrs. McDonald, kind-hearted woman that she was, had given them bread and allowed the poor creatures to come and warm at the fire. We saw one squaw unstrap the board from her back with the baby on it and set it upright against the wall, baby and all, while she warmed herself. The baby was as stolid as the rest and never uttered a cry. These Indians were some of the scattered tribes of the Winnebagoes, who had wintered in the woods in the vicinity of the Beaver, and were on their way north to join the rest of their people before

crossing the Mississippi.

During our last years in the log house, Father had been erecting, mostly with his own hands, a more permanent dwelling on another part of his farm. This was the large two story stone house into which we moved about the year 1844. It was located about half a mile directly north of the spot where the church now stands, and it remained standing as many of the people of the vicinity remember until quite recently, when it was taken down. The site is now occupied by Mr. Charles Andrew's new home.

The Scottish Cemetery is located on ground one half of which was originally the extreme northeast corner of Father's farm in Winnebago County, and the other half lying in Boone county was the northwest corner of the George Picken farm.

As I think of the stone house a flood of memories comes over me, of things that occured while this was our home. Here it was that the three younger daughters, including myself, were married. And from this home it was that my three brothers went to make homes of their own. To this house also father brought home his two young grandsons, John and George Parker, upon the death of their mother, my sister Martha, Mrs. Frank Parker, in Rockford. Here they made their home with our family until they grew to manhood and John Parker enlisted in the Civil War.

Among other memories, I recall the time when Willow Creek church was organized in 1845 by the Rev. Mr. Norton, and their meetings in the log school-house. We came to know Mr. Norton very well, as he preached there often and always stopped at Father's house on his way coming and going, Father being one of the three first elders. Then there was the Rev. Mr. Walker, who boarded with us until he was married and a parsonage was fitted up for him in half of Mrs. Smith's house. I remember perfectly all the early ministers, as Father and Mother were very hospitable and the ministers found always a

welcome in our home. Among them one stands out more distinctly in my mind than the Rev. Mr. Ustick.

I have vivid recollections of my going away to Rockford Seminary (now college) just opened by Miss Sill, and a little later, of brother John entering the Academy at Marengo in company with four other young men of the settlement, namely, Andrew and John Giffen, David Andrew, and Archie Armour. Mr. Ustick was our minister at that time and I recall many of his sermons preached in the new brick church.

Later memories are of the Singing Schools and the popular musical Geography School held in the evening, and I can still see in imagination one of the young people stepping up to the map and pointing out the place while the whole school sang, perhaps:—

"Now the Peninsulas we sing,
Alaska leads the rhyme, sir.
Then Melville, Nova Scotia, come,
All in a northern clime, sir."

The following is taken from a newspaper clipping, November 28, 1917, regarding the death of Mrs. J. O. Gregory:

The kindly spirit of Mrs. Janette Greenlee Gregory, widow of James O. Gregory and resident of this section for over eighty years, deserted its tenement of clay yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at her home, 603 Horsman street, after an illness of two weeks of infirmities of age.

She was born in Argyleshire, Scotland, a daughter of John and Helen Brown Greenlee. She came to this country with her parents when three years of age and in 1836 the family located in what is now Argyle and founded what became widely known as the "Scotch Settlement."

She was one of the early day graduates of the Rockford Seminary conducted by Miss Anna P. Sill and her marriage to James O. Gregory, of Delavan country, New York, was an event of April 19, 1855. After spending ten years on the

farm owned by the groom they moved to Belvidere, where Mr. Gregory engaged in the hardware business for four years.

They located in Rockford in 1871, purchasing the home at 603 Horsman street which has since been their home and where Mr. Gregory passed away four years ago. Mr. Gregory embarked in the hardware line in West State street and conducted a successful business for many years, retiring some years ago to enjoy a well earned competency.

Mrs. Gregory is survived by two daughters, the Misses Helen and Elizabeth Greenlee Gregory, and one son, Wilbur J. Gregory, of Manistee, Mich. She also leaves a sister, Mrs. Ann Turner, of this city. She held membership of long standing in Court Street M. E. Church.

Mrs. Gregory exemplified in a high degree the virtues that brighten the home and make it the dearest spot on earth. As a daughter, wife and mother she measured up to the best ideals of Christian womanhood. She was possessed of a keen mind and sound memory and her recollections of early days in this section were of absorbing interest to the present generation. She was gentle in manner and attracted into the circle of her friendship old and young, through the charm of her genial personality. Her passing will be sincerely mourned by a wide acquaintanceship.

Chapter VI
MORE EMIGRANTS

For the date of the sailing of the good ship Gleaner, we are indebted to James Montgomery of Rockford, Illinois, he having found it among his father's papers. The Gleaner was the only vessel or barque that sailed direct from Campbeltown to New York, all the others having sailed from Glasgow or Greenock.

"The following people sailed in the barque, Gleaner, from Campbeltown, under Captain Gale for New York on the fourth day of June, 1842, Saturday, about eight o'clock in the evening. William Montgomery, James Montgomery and family, three sons and four daughters, and John Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smith and family, six sons and three daughters, and a sister's daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Neil McKay and family, four sons, Robert, John, Alexander, and Neil, two daughters, Flora and Agnes, Mr. and Mrs. John Caldwell, his mother and mother-in-law, David C. Ralston, his brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Greenlee and family, four sons and three daughters, and his mother, Archie McNair and family, Mr. and Mrs. David Andrew and family, six sons and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Howie, two sons and one daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Ralston, two sons and five daughters, Campbell Kelley, and Angus Cummings.

There were about one hundred passengers, most of them going to Illinois and some to Ohio. It blew a heavy gale of wind from the west continuing until the 27th. They arrived in New York on June 28, all in good health. The same year the family of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Reid came. Mrs. Reid's maiden name was Elizabeth Park. They were a typical old Scotch couple. All the young people called them Granddaddy and Granny Reid. Accompanying theme were James Reid, Mrs. McNair and her two children, one son, Alexander and one daughter, Elizabeth, who afterwards was

Mrs. D. C. Ralston. Mrs. McNair's second husband was James Picken. Their family was Hugh, Mary and Margaret Picken. The Reids and McNairs located on part of the Babcock claim, being the farm now owned by James McNair.

In 1843 came Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ralston and family of three sons and two daughters. He was a brother of William Ralston who came with the Gleaner. They located on West Lane on the farm later owned by J. R. McDonald. Mr. Ralston was elected an elder in the Willow Creek church. The same year came Charles Picken, brother of James Picken. He owned the farm on West Lane afterwards owned by Thomas Ralston, now in the possession of Robert Irvine.

Alexander Ralston, who was a brother of Robert and D. C. Ralston, on leaving Scotland came to St. Johns, Newfoundland. From there he went to Ohio, coming to the settlement in 1843. He owned the farm on West Lane, now owned by James Greenlee.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Henderson, with their two sons, John and Robert, emigrated from Kintyre to Canada in 1841. They remained there for two years coming to the colony in 1843, locating on farms south of Caledonia. Mr. Henderson was a shoemaker by trade. At this time there was thirty families located in the colony.

In the spring of 1843 a Sunday School was organized in the log school-house. Daniel Smith was the first superintendend and continued to be until his death. Those who succeeded him were Robert Howie and Alexander Ralston. As near as can be ascertained the teachers of the first Sunday School were Mrs. William Harvey, Flora Smith, Janet Giffen, Robert Smith, Robert Montgomery, Alexander McNair, and later Mrs. Walker and T. L. Breckenridge. Daniel Smith brought a number of books with him from Scotland which he kindly lent to the school. During the week the books that were not in use were kept in a "maan" or creel (a willow basket) in Robert

Howie's house.

Thomas L. Breckenridge, one of the Sunday School teachers, had a peculiar and romantic history. He was a school teacher and lawyer and often in the absence of a minister would read a sermon. He was a natural orator and public speaker. His reading of the psalms and hymns were very impressive, especially the hymn, "Jesus shall reign where e'er the sun doth his successive journeys run." His advent to the Argyle Settlement was rather romantic, appearing one day at the John Greenlee home apparently in destitute circumstances, being poorly dressed and exhausted by long travel. He was cordially welcomed by Mr. Greenlee who remembered him as a little boy with his father at the old Southend church. After a time he confided to the Greenlee family that he had come to them direct from Nauvoo where he had been teaching school. About this time there was an uprising against the Mormons at Nauvoo and the jail at Carthage and Warren were burned. Joseph Smith and his brother, the leaders and founders of the Mormon church at Nauvoo, had been killed. Mr. Breckenridge was a captain or leader in the uprising and was supposed to have been implicated in the plot. It was not known whether he had any part in the affair or not but that was the reason he left Nauvoo. No one ever came to arrest him and he stayed in the settlement for a number of years. He had the sympathy of the community and was an honored citizen. As far as is known, he had no relatives in America. He was at one time a partner with L. F. Warner, a lawyer in Rockford, and was one of the prominent lawyers of the county for a number of years. He had the generous qualities and also the weakness that men of great genius often possess.

The history of the Willow Creek church was written at the time of the Semicentenial Celebration on the sixth and seventh of June, 1895, and also at the time of the seventy fifth anniversary, June 22-23, 1920. Although this is not a church his-

tory strictly speaking, yet the church life and the social life of the community has always been so closely connected that we cannot mention one without the other. An effort was made to organize a church in 1843. No record was kept of the proceedings and no further action was taken until December, 1844. The Rev. Mr. Norton, a new school minister living at Rockton, organized the church with fifty-one members.

The charter members of the First Presbyterian church of Willow Creek are as follows:

Daniel Smith
Mrs. Smith
Flora Smith
Robert Smith
John Smith
John Andrew
Mary Andrew
John Picken
Elizabeth Ralston, Sr.
Ellen Ferguson
Robert Howie
Janet Howie
George Picken
Jean Picken
John Martin
Mrs. Martin
James Montgomery
Elizabeth Montgomery
Hugh Reid
Mrs. Reid
Alexander Reid
Janet Reid
Alexander McDonald
Margaret McDonald
Andrew Giffen
Charlotte Armour
Mary McNair
John Greenlee
Ellen Greenlee
Peter Ralston
Margaret Ralston
Peter Greenlee
Martha Greenlee
William Ferguson
Janet Giffen
Lionel Henderson
Margaret Henderson
John Caldwell
Margaret Caldwell
Ellen Ralston
Alexander Ralston
David Ralston, Jr.
Mary Harvey
Charles Picken
Samuel Howie
Janet Howie
David Ralston, Sr.
Gavin Ralston
Jane Ralston
Robert Ralston
John Ralston

As the majority of the charter members of the Willow Creek Church were from the Southend Church, it may be of interest to the readers to see the names of the members of the Southend Church who signed the call to their first minister, the Rev. Alexander Laing, M. A., which was given on the 25th of February, 1799, being one hundred and sixteen years

ago. The original call came into possession of Mr. A. D. Armour through his great grandfather, Alexander Dunlop. Some time ago he handed the document to Mr. William Reid and Mr. James Breckenridge who saw its historical value and had it mounted and framed. At a presentation gathering in the Southend U. F. Church on February 25, 1915, on the hundred and sixteenth anniversary, the original call was presented to the session of the church it being mounted and framed and was to be hung on the wall of the session room. Note that many of the family names of the charter members of the Willow Creek Church and the Southend Church are the same. The ministers who followed the Rev. Laing were Rev. Lambie, Rev. Small, Rev. Young, and Rev. John G. Frain. The following are the names of the members who signed the original call; as taken from a newspaper clipping:

"In testimony whereof these presents, written by James Telfer, writer in Campbeltown, are subscribed by us at the Relief Church of Southend, the twenty-fifth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine years.

John Picken
George Greenlees
Matthew Cordiner
Andrew Ralston
Andrew Ralston
James Wilson
John Reid
Peter Huie
David Wyllie
Andrew Breckenridge
James M'Donald
William Allan
Robert Dunlop
David Huie
John Huie
Edward Greenlees
Robert Huie
John Macintyre
James Ralston
David Andrew
Thomas M'Naught
William McFarlane
Neil M'Tavish
Archd. Watson
James Hall
Robert Allan
William Wallace
James Caldwell
John Giffen
Alexander Reid
John Watson
Mathew Reid
James Gordon
James Giffen
William Huie
John Ralston
William Greenlees
Archd. Brown
William Andrew
William Picken
Robert Brown
William Wilson

James Drain
Alexander Picken
Malcolm M'Bride
Hugh Reid
John Reid
Thomas Brown
Donald Smith
James Mitchell
David Andrew
Robert M'Guinnes
Hugh Breckenridge
Robert Greenlees
James Langwill
Charles Brown
Robert Brown
Peter Ralston
John Greenlees
Robert Montgomery
David Hogarth
John M'Donald
David Reid
John Reid
Andrew Reid
Gavin Ralston
James Picken
John Greenlees
Archibald Murchy
Daniel Murchy
William Reid
Archd. Paterson
John Langwill
Thomas Greenlees
Archd. Picken
Alexander Picken, Jr.
James Fleming
Thomas Ralston

This day, and according to appointment of Presbytery, I preached to the forming Congregation of Southend, Argyleshire, and I do hereby ceritfy that this call to Mr. Alexander Laing, Preacher of the Gospel, to be their Pastor, written on this sheet, was subscribed in my presence by the whole of the subscribers of their own free will and choice at Southend this twenty-fifth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine years.

JAMES PINKERTON."

The first elders of the Willow Creek Church were John Greenlee, Daniel Smith and James Montgomery. The first officers for the year 1845 were Robert Armour, John Andrew, and Robert Howie (trustees), William Ferguson, treasurer, Samual Howie, clerk. It was decided that the church should be built of red brick on an acre of land given by Robert Howie where the present church now stands. The plan of the building was drawn by Rev. Mr. Walker which was accepted. In order to raise the money to pay for the building, it was decided to sell the seats at auction to the highest bidder on the basis of personal property, those who purchased seats to have the sole right for themselves and their heirs as long as

they paid the yearly assessment. On October 4, 1848, the seats were sold at auction by John Andrew and David Andrew.

The church was built in 1849 and occupied in 1850. There is no record of the church being formally dedicated. The Rev. Ustick preached before the building was quite finished. He presented the church with a pulpit Bible. The building stood with gable ends east and west. It had one door in the east end, six windows, three on the north and three on the south, with the pulpit in the west end. It was a neat, comfortable and substantial church for that early day.

The Rev. Matthew Howie, one of the young men of the parish in a letter to the anniversary committee at the time of the semi-centenial celebration, gave a description of the interior of the first church. It had walnut pews with doors to them so when all the family got in they latched the door and shut out all intruders. At the west end, on an elevated platform, was an inclosed box pulpit also with doors so that when the preacher got inside he was secure against all inquisitive eyes and could take a pinch of snuff and curl his hair or adjust his white neck-tie without anyone being the wiser of it. It was painted a glistening white and when I heard the preacher read from John's vision about the great white throne, I wondered if it looked like that pulpit. Just in front of the pulpit, on a less elevated platform, stood the presenter. George Greenlee led the singing in Rouse's version of the Psalms. No. instrument was used, but he used a tuning fork to get the pitch and catch the mysterious spirit of the hymn. He sometimes took his brother, John up to help with the singing and then the old folks would shake their heads and say that young man was trying to introduce some new fangled notions; it would be the first step towards a choir. But when someone proposed getting a cabinet organ for the church, the air grew lurid and there was thunder and lightning all around the sky. I remember

hearing my father, Mathew Howie, Sr., and John Caldwell, discussing the subject one day and they came to the conclusion that it was surely the "Deil" was putting these notions into the heads of the young people. My father said he would be one of a committee to go and pitch the organ out into the middle of the road if it was ever put into the church. My sister, Martha, told them that David used a harp in praising the Lord and that there were harps in heaven. "Oh yes," they said, "but they were very different instruments from the Yankee organs."

The ministers who followed Rev. Norton were Rev. Mr. Tilestson for about one year and Rev. Walker for three years. Rev. Ustick came to the church in 1850 and continued for five years being the first regular installed minister. It was customary in the old church to hold two services on Sunday with a half hour interval. In Ian Maclaren's book "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" we read how the men in the parish of Drumtouchty would meet on the kirk green during the interval between the sermons and discuss the public questions of the day. Did you know that we had a Drumtouchty here in Illinois? During the interval the women and children would visit in the church and the men would meet on the kirk green and pass on public questions of the day; the question of slavery, the tariff, the doctrine of election, weather conditions, crops and markets. Families who were separated during the week greeted each other on the church green. There is a little of the Drumtouchty spirit left in the community yet. There are new speakers on the green and new subjects discussed. It is a new blade but it is the same handle, and is the same old knife of public opinion that is used to carve public questions of the day.

Hearing and discussing sermons was part of the social life of the settlement in the early days. Perhaps you have read of Elseph McFadgen in "The Bonnie Brier Bush"

who was the sermon taster who was blessed with a good memory and kept it in fettle on sermons. There were sermon tasters in the old Willow Creek Church. Any young minister who could run the gauntlet of their criticisms was worthy of any pulpit. If they introduced a story in their sermon by way of illustration, the comment would be "It was gie thin gruel yon." They seldom complimented their minister. Rev. John Montgomery, one of the young men of the parish, speaking of the old people said they put him in mind of a young Scotch lad who one the eve of his wedding turned to his bride and said, "Maggie, hae I no treated you reel ceevil," meaning that he had not kissed her during their courtship. She replied, "Aye Sandy, ya hae been senselessly ceevil." When they did offer a compliment to their minister it was honest and sincere and meant a great deal.

The year 1850 was the banner year of the settlement. The first brick church was completed and the community had a permanent place of worship. More families came that year from Scotland than any other years. Homes were located and hundreds of acres of the virgin soil was broken up. Five or six pair of oxen were hitched to a large breaking plow. Some of the young men were experts at driving the oxen. They could crack a whip as good as any cowboy or eskimo we read about in story books. Some men made a business of breaking new fields for the farmers. Dan Kingsly, living on the north side of the settlement, did a great deal of this kind of work. It was not a new custom to plow with oxen. We are told in the Bible that Elisha, the son of Shapshat, was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when Elijah passed by and cast his mantle upon him.

In 1850 a number of families left Campbeltown for Greenock and Glasgow to take ship for New York. The following families sailed from Glasgow by the ship Sarah, commanded by Captain Tims on June 6, 1850: Mr. and Mrs. Robert

Greenlee and family, five sons and five daughters, Mrs. William Greenlee, four sons and three daughters, and Miss Katherine Greenlees, James and John Kelley, Robert Kelley, and his sister, Agnes, who later was Mrs. Charles Brown, Mathew Blair, Neil McMichael, David Hogarth, Lachey, Boowey, Robert Maxwell, Dugal McDugal and William Ryburn. On the same date, June 6, the following families sailed from Greenock on the ship Charlotte Harrison under Captain Mackintyre: Mr. and Mrs. John Ralston (elder), two sons and six daughters, Mrs. Martha McDonald, one son and two daughters, the Watson family of five sons and two daughters, Mrs. Mitchell, widow, being twice married, Charles and Mary Armour of the first family, and John and Janet Mitchell of the second family, Duncan McDonald and William Reid, the McKerrell and McDonald families who were going to Canada. During the voyage, the Charlotte Harrison passed through a severe storm. The passengers were ordered down and the hatches were closed for a time. They arrived in New York safely. The day they landed, the city of New York was holding memorial service. The flags were at half mast and the streets were lined with soldiers. The occasion was the death of Zachery Taylor, president of the United States, who died on the ninth of July, 1850, sixteen months after his inauguration. This was an occasion to be remembered by these emigrants.

There was a gentleman by the name of Cooper who had taken a large tract of land from the government on the Kinnikinnick Creek. After Mr. Cooper's death, Mr. Robert Greenlee bought the land from the heirs of the Cooper estate, being the farms now owned by Thomas Greenlee and James Greenlee estate.

James and John Kelley, on coming to this country, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where they remained for a few years. When they came to this locality, James Kelley located on a farm near

Caledonia. John Kelley bought a farm near Poplar Grove which his son, Alex, now owns. Neil McMicheal located on the George Jeffery farm now owned by his son Robert. William Ryburn was a blacksmith by trade and was in company with Alex Cameron in Rockford for a number of years. Their shop was located on what was called by the Scotch, Cameron's close, where the Schamuss barns are now located. There was an open court where farmers could leave their wagons and horses. It was headquarters for the settlement folks when they went to Rockford for that kind of work. Mr. and Mrs. John Ralston, with their family, located on a farm on the north side, being the farm now owned by the George Ralston estate. The Watson family, who came with the ship, Charlotte Harrison, bought farms together in Guilford.

About the year 1858 the population of the parish increased by emigration and births so the little brick church would not accommodate the congregation. On June 18, 1858, a meeting was called to consider the building of an addition to the brick church. A committee of six was appointed to take charge of the work viz; John Andrew, David Lamont, David C. Ralston, Charles Picken, Alexander McNair and Edward Brown. The addition was a frame built across the east end of the brick making the audience room in the form of the letter "T." The pulpit was in the center of the east part, the pews facing north, south and east. This building was in use for about twenty years or to the time of the dedication of the present church, which was on Thursday, February 7, 1878. We are indebted to Mrs. Joseph Barnes for the following diagram of the audience room of the old Willow Creek church giving the names of the pew holders, she having made the diagram shortly before the building was torn down.

Oct. 3rd 1878
Rev B. E. S. Ely
Pastor
Pulpit
Presentor
O
Door
Door
Aisle
Aisle
Aisle
Stove
O
Stove
O
Stove
Door
John Watson
Alex. Reid
A. J. Ralston &
A. Cummings
John Ralston
Elder
D. McDonald &
D. Ralston
Dr. Brown &
D. Ralston
Mrs. D. Ralston
Mrs. C. Picken
Mell Mitchell
Jn. McMechan
Wm. Ralston
Edward Brown
Geo. Picken
Rt. Greenlees
A. Co. Ralston
Rt. Henderson
Alex. McPhail
Wm. Andrew
H. Andrew &
A. McDonald
A. Enoch
Ministers
J. Greenlee &
J. Turner
Wm. Harvey
J. Ralston &
P. Watson
J. Caldwell &
D. C. Ralston
C. & A. Ralston
T. Ralston &
D. Watson
Robt. Ralston
Wm. Reid &
R. Smith
J. R. McDonald
A. & A. Ralston
Dan. McMillan
Jas. Picken Jr
John Andrew
John Picken
Alex Smith
John Smith
A. & J. & J.
McDonald
Robert Howie
Arch. Smith
John Watson
Don. Sillers
Wm. McNeilage
H. McCathran
& Lockay
J. & J. Kelley
James Ralston
Rt. Montgomery
Robt. Ralston
Jas. Greenlees
David Hoyle
J. & H. Brown
Hugh Reid
Jno. Thompson
Dr. Breckenridge
C. Armour &
J. Mitchell
Thos. Greenlees
Wm. Throne
Wm. Reid
Jas. McFarlane
John Watterson
Duncan Kelley
Mat. McMillan
Mathew Harvey
Jas. Tofflemire
James Reid
Thos. Wilson
North
South
W.
W.
W.
W.
Diagram of Old Willow Creek Church
By Isabella Ralston
later
Mrs. Joseph Barnes

Chapter VII.
THE SCHOOLS
The Log School

The first school teacher was George Lovesee of Roscoe. Following him were Darwin Blair, James Cochran, Henry Bradily Whipple, Birdsall, Dresser, Armstrong, T. L. Breckenridge, James Giffen and Robert Ralston. There were no lady teachers in the log school as far as is known. Mr. Dresser, one of the teachers, was a married man and lived in a log house on the Hugh Reid farm and taught for a number of terms, being a very learned man. He gave lectures on astronomy on different occasions.

Although the children of the early days had few books, they had good teachers. That is one reason why so many who received their education at the old schools were capable of holding positions of trust.

Robert Ralston was born July 12, 1802, at Southend, Argyleshire, Scotland. He received his education there, being a graduate of Edinburgh university. Later he was in company with another gentleman as ship chandlers in Greenock. He took passage from Greenock August 5, 1833, in a sailing vessel bound for Quebec, being forty days on the ocean. From Quebec he went to Massachusetts where he obtained employment in a hardware store. He later came to Washington county, Ohio, where he taught school before coming to Illinois in 1850. While in Ohio, he was united in marriage to Nancy Biggings. Of their family of four sons and two daughters, all were born in Ohio except the youngest daughter. They lived in a house on the Robert Howie farm for two years before going on their farm. During this time Mr. Ralston taught in the Log School, Stone School and McDonald house.

"When we were at the Schule my friens
When we were at the schule
And aylsic merry pranks we played
When we were at the schule."

Come with me once more to the old school. The boys are playing shinney on the green and the girls are amusing themselves with some other game. Hear the shout of the boys as they knock the ball high over their heads to its final goal. The hour has come and the school is called. The children take their places on the slab benches. The teacher is Robert Ralston, a man who was capable of teaching in any high school. He is not only a scholar, but a musician, for he teaches the children the art of music. The children together read a chapter in the Bible and the lessons are resumed for the day. When the hour for closing comes the following roll is called. Who today can answer present; only a few. The great majority have answered the final roll call. The years pass swiftly by and we are borne on with the tide of time. "Truly the places that know us now shall know us no more forever."

Following is the schedule of the common school kept by Robert Ralston in Harlem Township, District No. 4, Township No. 45, Range 2 east of the third principal meridian in the county of Winnebago and state of Illinois, from November 19, 1849, to March, 1850, five months.

There are in all eighty-four names. Of these, at this writing only fourteen are in life. The Argyle Settlement had a consolidated school seventy years ago, and did not realize it.

Albannis, James
Andrew, Charles
Andrew, David
Andrew, Janet
Andrew, Mary
Andrew, John
Armour, Archibald
Ferguson, Alexander
Ferguson, Ellen
Ferguson, James
Giffen, Alexander
Giffen, John
Giffen, Mary Ann
Greenlee, Hugh
Greenlee, Jane
McDonald, William
McLarty, Alexander
McLarty, Elizbeth
Pangburn, Howard
Pangburn, John
Picken, Alexander
Picken, Archibald
Picken, Charles
Picken, Janet
Picken, Martha
Ralston, Agnes
Ralston, David
Ralston, Ellen
Ralston, Henry
Ralston, Jane

Greenlee, Mary
Greenlee, Peter
Greenlee, Thomas
Greenlee, William
Greenlee, William
Harvey, Margaret
Harvey, Mathew
Harvey, Robert
Harvey, Susan J.
Howie, David
Howie, John
Lockie, Allison
Lockie, Lionel
McDonald, Alexander
McDonald, James
McDonald, John
McDonald, Robert
Ralston, John
Ralston, John Caldwell
Ralston, Mary
Ralston, Thomas
Ralston, William
Reid, Ellen
Reid, James S.
Reid, Margaret
Reid, William H.
Ryburn, William
Sayers, Alvira
Smith, Archibald
Watson, Edward
Watson, John
Watson, Neil
Watson, Robert

Additional names in second year, April, 1851:

Andrew, Hugh
Ferguson, Mary Jane
Howie, Mathew
Pangburn, Cynthia
Pangburn, Evelin Amanda
Pangburn, Sarah Maria
Ralston, John B.
Ralston, Peter
Ralston, William
Smith, William
Watson, Martha

Pupils residing in other districts:

Allen, Cloena
Havens, Henrietta
McDonald, Andrew
McEachran, George
McEachran, James
Picken, Ellen
Picken, George
Ralston, Zillah
Sayers, Claira

GREGORY, OR STONE SCHOOL, LATER KNOWN AS THE BROWN SCHOOL

Between 1842 and 1850, the population of the Argyle Settlement greatly increased, not only by families from Scotland, but people from the New England States had settled in this neighborhood. Among them were the Bartholomews and Jenkes, from Ohio, and Gregorys and Bathricks from New York. Most of them had large families, consequently, the first log school-house could not accomodate the children. The stone school house formerly known as the Gregory school, was built in 1846, on land given by James O. Gregory, on the same ground as the Brown school now occupies. Mr.

Gregory purchased the farm from the government which now belongs to the George Greenlee heirs. No tax was levied on the district for the building, funds being raised by subscription and donation from families who paid in money, work, or material. Those donating the building were:

Jehial Gregory
James O. Gregory
Peter Ralston
John Greenlee
George Jeffery
Elias Cady
James Siddal
James Reid
Martin Bathrick
J. Harvey Gregory
Charles Babcock
Nelson Bartholomew

The building was completed in 1846 in time for the winter term. The first teacher was Mr. Hicoch.

The following is a list of the children who attended his school:

George Greenlee
John Greenlee
Charles Greenlee
Ellen Greenlee
Joseph Jeffery
Samuel Jeffery
George Jeffery
Friend Bathrick
Susan Bathrick
Mary Electa Bathrick
Helen Bathrick
Catherine Gregory
Mary Victoria Gregory
Charles Picken
Martha Picken
Archie Armour
Mary Ann Siddle
Nancy Siddle
James Siddle
Calvin Dart
Caleb Dart
Ornon Dart
Susannah Dart
Nancy Wyman
Martha McEachran
Janette Ralston
Peter Ralston
Fernando Crossman
Alma Crossman
William Crossman
John Whipple

The second teacher was Miss Emmeline Ensign, who taught in the summer of 1847. Teachers following were James Lamb, 1848, James Benedict, 1849, Miss Garlick, 1849, Miss Bartlett, 1850, O. M. Crossman, 1851, Mary Jane Warner, 1851, and Robert Ralston, 1852. Following Mr. Ralston were Miss Nancy Cole, Miss Mears, Almond Dodge, Joel Jenks, John Greenlee, and James Lamont, who taught during the Civil War in 1860-1861. During the rebellion, there were a number of patriotic songs issued that became

very popular. Among them were, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching," "Just Before the Battle Mother," "The Vacant Chair," "Yes, We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys." They would sing these songs in school and in the homes to the delight of the older people. There were a number of good singers in Mr. Lamont's school.

The Stone School, later known as the Brown School, schedule of common school taught by Robert Ralston. District No. 1, Township 45, Range 2 East of third principal meridian. November, December 1851, January, February, 1852.

John Greenlee
Ann Greenlee
John Parker
Peter Ralston
William Ralston
Ellen Greenlee
George Parker
Simeon Tuffs
Janet Brown
Edmund Slater
Elizabeth Ann Gregory
Mary Gregory
Lidia Gregory
Susannah Gregory
Jane Brown
Elizabeth Brown
John Mitchell
Janett Mitchell
Lucy Hannah Harris
Curtis Bartholomew
Phidelia Bartholomew
Daniel Siddall
James Siddall
Nancy Siddall
Harvey Gregory
Warren Babcock
Mary V. Gregory
Silass Crossman
Ann Helen Ralston
Charles Picken
Agnes Ralston

Pupils from No. 6 and No. 2:

William Kerr
Rebeca Babcock
Warren Babcock
Jane Ralston
Emelin Marion Aldrich
Jane Hickok
Mary Hickok
Harrice Hickok
Oney A. Harris
James Love
Sylvester Love
Benjamin Strachan
William Strachan
Louisa Love

Pupils from District No. 10:

Archibald Armour
Elisabeth Ralston
John R. McDonald
Martha Picken
Archie Picken
George Picken
Jane Picken
William A. Ralston
James McKechran
George McKechran
John McKechran
Archibald McKechran
Zilla Ralston

Pupils from District No. 4:

David Ralston
Henry Ralston
Ellen Ralston
Martha Brown, Harriot Brown—Twin nieces of Rev. Ustick
Fernanda Crossman
Olive V. Hickok
Caroline Babcock
Mary Ann Duffy
William Long
Ellen Long

McDONALD HOUSE

Schedule of a common school kept by Robert Ralston in District No. 4, township 45, Range 2, Winnebago County, Illinois. December, 1853, January, 1854, February, 1854.

The log school-house being built of poplar logs did not last long and had to be abandoned for school purposes. Owing to the death of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, as before mentioned, the farm was sold to William Ferguson and the McDonald house was vacant. The directors of District No. 4 engaged Robert Ralston to teach school in the McDonald house for a term. The following is a schedule of the pupils who attended that school:

M'argret Gilson
Helen Gilson
Eliza Gilson
Thomas Kewish
John Henry Kewish
Caraline Kewish
William Howie
George Higbee
Mary Jane Ralston
Isabella Ralston
William Ralston
Margret Reid
William H. Reid
James S. Reid
William McDonald
Robert McDonald
John McDonald
Helen McLarty
Elizabeth McLarty
Robert Watson
John Watson
Neil Watson
Edward Watson
John Howie
Andrew M'cDonald
Mary Ann Giffen
Alexander Giffen
James McDonald
Alexander McLarty
Ellen Picken
Mary Harvey
Jonas Randall
Julia Randall
Anderson Tofflemire
John Tofflemire
Peter Greenlee
William Greenlee
Alice Lockie
Clocina Allan
Lionel Lockie
David Howie
Mathew Howie
David Ralston
Henry Ralston
John B. Ralston
William Smith

Martha Watson	Jane Smith
James Ferguson	George Magoon
Alexander Ferguson	Wilder Magoon
Mary Jane Ferguson	Mary Jane Hickbee
Alexander Picken	Ellen Reid
Janet Picken	Margret Reid
Hugh Picken	John Montgomery
Mathew Harvey	Mary Ann Gilson
Robert Harvey	Eliza Gilson
Margret Harvey	Margret Gilson
Susan Jane Harvey	Henry Gilson

For the schedules of common schools taught by Robert Ralston, we are indebted to Robert Ralston, his son, of Rockford, Illinois, copies of which were among his father's papers.

THE ENOCH SCHOOL

The first school in Guilford Township was held in a typical building of the times, a log building twelve by sixteen feet with large stone fire-place at one end. This building was located at the southeast corner of the McFarland farm, one half mile west of where the Bell school now stands. The pupils sat on slab benches facing the outside of the room about which was arranged a continous desk. The school was taught by Miss Hanna Herrick. For recitation, the classes were called to the center of the room where they stood during the class period. Among the families who attended this school were Hunters, Doolittles and Martins. Ocotber 17, 1845 a meeting of District No. 1, Guilford, was called for the purpose of building a school-house. The building was to be of red brick, thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, one story high. It appears from the records that the building was paid for by subscription, the same as churches are generally built. At a meeting of the district the following resolutions were adopted; Resolved: that the said school-house when not actually occupied by a school shall be at all times free for the inhabitants of the district to hold religious meetings of any denomination of Christians without distinction; all honor to the

men and women who laid the foundation of our common wealth to adopt the above resolution. It was their ambition that the church and school should have the first place as community centers. The first directors of the Enoch School were G. U. Horton, J. Thomas, and John T. Enoch. The location of the building was to be at, or near the junction of the cart road from Thomas Lake's and the road leading from the east county line to Rockford, being the present site of the Bell school-house.

The following is a list of the teachers taken from the school records:

J. R. Colburn, 1847
H. J. Herrick, 1848-'49
Mr. Miller, 1850
Miss Lucy Danly, 1851
Miss Sarah Hunter, 1852
Miss Maria Andrew, 1852
C. W. Sheldon, 1852
Charlotte Burch, 1852
M. P. Loury, 1853
Mrs. Baldwin, 1854
Charles Manning, 1855
Mary Brisban, 1855
Joseph B. Alcott, 1856
T. G. Ensign, 1857
Margaret Breckenridge, 1858
Mr. Olmstead, 1859
Miss Parker, 1860
Mr. Gusherie, 1861
Miss Ema L. Noble, 1862
E. A. Wanless, 1863
Elvira Gilson, 1863
James Ferguson, 1864
Miss Adelia Sweezy, 1864
Siom H. Kimball, 1865
Alfrid Martin, 1866
E. G. Valentine, 1866
Miss Mary Enoch, 1867
Amanda McCarther, 1868
Ellen Kirk, 1869
Amasa Hutchions, 1869

The Bell School was built in 1869 and 1870. The dimensions of the building are forty feet long by twenty-six feet wide with seating capacity for seventy scholars. Not drawing comparisons between the Enoch School and other schools of the county, but note the young men who rose to places of trust in the community. David Hunter was sent three successive terms to the State Legislature and was Senator from this district. Abraham Enoch of Briggs Enoch Manufacturing Company, Amasa Hutchens, Mayor of Rockford, Archibald Andrew, county superintendent of public schools of Winnebago County, James Lamont, editor of the Monitor, a Rockford paper of that day, Thomas and Hugh Lamont, ministers

in the Presbyterian church, Hiram Enoch, editor and publisher of one of Rockford's newspapers, Mathew Andrew, professor in high school, Homer Wheeler and John Andrew, successful business men in Rockford, the Gorham boys who afterwards became famous in connection with the grain seeder and self grain binder, and Miss Sarah Hunter, who was a teacher in the public schools and later one of the earliest lady physicians in the state.

In the winter of 1859, Mr. Olmstead taught in the Enoch School and J. W. Boomaur taught in West Lane School. Spelling schools were in vogue at that time. The Enoch School came one evening with a four horse team and sleigh load for the purpose of spelling down the West Lane School. They were better scholars than West Lane pupils, but our teacher was what one would call nowadays "A bluffer." He told the teacher of the Enoch School that he would put one of his school against their whole school and scared them out so they did not try to spell down that night. On the south side of the settlement, Miss Marcia Louise Cline, who later was Mrs. Tunure, taught a private school of seventeen scholars. James Montgomery and his sister, Marion, who later was Mrs. Robert Greenlee, attended this school, also the Martins and Toffelmires. The first public school in the district was built in 1853. It was a grout building located at the corner of the Davis Watson farm. The building was erected by J. M. Linnel, Mr. Cline, Mr. Ticknor, P. G. Weldin, and Jonathan Haywood. Miss Marcia Louise Cline taught this school for some time. It is now known as the White Pigeon School on Beaver Creek.

WEST LANE SCHOOL

It appears from the old school records that when the Stone School was built in 1846 that district was set off from District No. 4, that being the log school which contained West Lane, Eagle, and Argyle Districts. The McDonald house, where

school was kept by Robert Ralston in 1853-1854 was torn down. A meeting of the district was held October 7, 1854 for the purpose of having the district divided into two districts, four and twelve. District No. 4 took action toward building a school-house. The directors obtained one eight of an acre from James Picken for a site. During the time the West Lane School was being built, the directors hired Andrew Giffen to teach four months on the following terms: teacher to furnish a room in his own house, also fire wood and to board himself, for which he was to receive twenty-nine dollars per month. The school-house was built by Jabez Love and was to receive one hundred and fifty dollars for his work. Following is a list of teachers:

Andrew Giffen, 1855
Mary Hunter, 1856
Donald Fleming, 1856
Sarah Knox, 1857
Josephene Goodhue, 1858
J. W. Boomhour, 1859
Anna Bartholomew, 1859
Susan C. Gregory, 1860
Mary Ann Giffen, 1861
Samuel Dodge, 1861
A. J. Cook, 1862
Loretta Woster, 1863
John Watterson, 1863
Harriet Atwood, 1864
Ann Eliza Bates, 1865
Laura Rodes, 1866
Harriett Mabie, 1866
John C. Grant, 1867
Julia P. Homes, 1867
Malcom Bruner, 1868
Harriet H. Wheldon, 1869
R. J. Bears, 1869
Sarah Bears, 1870
Delia Crites, 1871
Frank Vincent, 1872
Mary E. Meach, 1872
Dillie Chapman, 1873
H. V. Vanpelt, 1874
Charles W. Walrath, 1875
Miss Black, 1884
H. J. Spawn, 1884-'85
Miss Sill, 1885
Miss McDonald, 1886
Miss Edith M. Young, 1887
Miss Kelley, 1888
Alvin Wilcox, 1889
Miss Frost, 1890
Frank A. Carpenter, 1890
Miss Hattie Warner, 1891-'92
Hugh McEachran, 1893
Miss Margret Greenlee, 1894-'95-'96
Miss Nettie Alexander, 1897
Miss Lottie Pratt, 1897
Miss Rena Hardy, 1893
Miss Blanch Elliot, 1899
Mrs. L. B. Kelling, 1899
Miss Rena Hardy, 1900
Miss Myrtle Canary, 1901
Mrs. N. Thompson, 1902
Miss Maggie Mitchell, 1902
Miss Edith Elberts, 1903
Miss Josephine Swanson, 1903
Miss Blanche Smith, 1904-'05
Miss Edith Hyatt, 1906-'07
Miss Pauline Pearson, 1908-'09
Miss Martha Andrew, 1910
Miss Margret Greenlee, 1911 to

Margret McAffee, 1876
Miss Laura Ely, 1877
Miss Lizzie Shaw, 1878-'79-'80
Miss Jennie Blair, 1881
Miss Jane Montgomery, 1882-'83
1920
Miss Dorothy Andrew, 1920-'22
Miss Hazel Colville, 1921-'22
Miss Florence Colville, 1922-'23-'24

In 1846 a vote of the district was taken to move the school-house one half mile further west to the southwest corner of James Picken's farm, where it now stands.

THE WYMAN SCHOOL

On the north side of the Scotch Settlement, the Wyman Brothers had taken up a tract of land from the government. Their names were Samuel, Charles, and Alford. Samuel Wyman was a bachelor and owned the western eighty acres now owned by William D. Ralston. The school-house was built on the southeast corner of his farm and was called the Wyman School. Charles Wyman owned the J. B. McEachran farm and Alford Wyman owned the Thomas Brown farm now owned by C. T. Brown. In an early day there was a school kept in an old log cabin on this farm which was the beginning of the Wyman School. The old records have been lost but as near as can be ascertained the stone building which still stands was built by Cornwell brothers the same season as they built the Stone Manse at the Willow Creek Church in 1859 which was during Reverend Thomas G. Smith's pastorate.

THE CUMMINGS SCHOOL

The Cummings School District was not in the original survey of school districts but was formed by taking part of the Wyman and part of Caledonia Districts. The school-house was built on land taken from the Angus Cumming's farm on the East Lane. The building was erected in 1860 and school commenced in May, 1861. Following is a list of the teachers:

Miss Susan C. Gregory, 1861
James Ward, 1861
Miss Ann Elisabeth Bates, 1862
Miss Grace Clarkson, 1896
Miss Grace Edgerton, 1897-'98-'99

James Lamont, 1862
Mrs. Susan C. Watterson, 1863
William Kerr, 1863
Mrs. Carie H. Lymon, 1864
Miss Laura Rhodes, 1865
Miss Adelia E. Budd, 1866-'67
Richard M. Andrews, 1866
William Kerr, 1867
Miss Hattie E. Smith, 1868
Miss Mary Lovejoy, 1869
Robert R. Breckenridge, 1869
Miss Sara E. Weston, 1870
Miron Brunner, 1870
Miss Jenny Irusell, 1871
William Wilson, 1871
Miss Anna Lundy, 1872-'73
George Lovering, 1872
Miss Emma J. Blake, 1874
Miss Mary Ralston, 1875
Miss Kate Fatheringham, 1876
Miss Adellia Cornwell, 1879
Miss Mary J. Kelley, 1880
Miss Julia Chandler, 1881
Miss Mary Smith, 1883
Miss May Frast, 1892-'93
Miss Katie McEachran, 1894
Miss Gertrude E. Burkman, 1895
Miss Gertrude E. Burkman, 1899
Claud Warren, 1900
Miss Maggie Chamberlin, 1900
Miss Mae Edgerton, 1901
Miss Sara E. Weston, 1902
Miss Ruby M. Allen, 1903
Miss Jessie Thompson, 1903
Miss Belle Newton, 1904
Miss Maud Cummings, 1904
M. M. Martin, 1904
John McGonigal, 1905
Miss Lena Griffith, 1906-'07-'08
Miss Catherine McCarthy, 1909-'11
Miss Maud Cummings, 1910
Miss Bessie Ralston, 1912-'13
Miss Ethel Dodge, 1914-'15
Miss Margrete Brown, 1916-'17
Miss Rachel Foltz, 1917-'18
Miss Irene Wilson, 1918-'19, one month
Miss Agnes Rislow, 1918-'19, one month
W. R. Bosard—one month
Miss Golda Brown—four months
Miss Dorothy Andrew, 1919-'20

In May of the year 1920 the election was held to consolidate. No school has been held in the district since June, 1920.

ARGYLE SCHOOL

The village school at Argyle was built in 1870. The district was formed by taking part of West Lane and Eagle Districts. The village being located on the Boone County line, it was difficult to form a large district. The district draws a large railway tax and have a number of tuition pupils from Boone County. In this way they maintain a good school. The following is a list of teachers:

S. Weston, 1871
Miss Belle Chapman, 1872
Miss Dillie E. Chapman, 1873
Miss Laura Blair, 1874
Miss Anna Lundy, 1874
Miss Amie Morgan, 1891
E. V. Foster, 1892-'93-'94
Miss Leata Adee, 1895
C. E. Alexander, 1896
Miss Daisy Dean, 1897

M. M. Martin, 1875-'77
Miss L. Jinks, 1876
Miss Mary M. Smith, 1877
Miss Lucy Turnure, 1878-'79
Ben E. S. Ely, 1880
Miss Adela L. Andrew, 1880
Miss Mary A. Price, 1881-'82-'83
Miss Margaret Montgomery, 1884
Miss Mary Glenn, 1885
Miss Martha Gratton, 1886
Miss Jennie Hubbell, 1887
E. Worchester, 1888
Miss Edith M. Young, 1888
Wilson Allaben, 1889
Miss Lula McDonell, 1890
Miss Azalin Silvernail, 1898-'99
Guilford Wiley, 1900
Miss Amelia D. Irving, 1901
Miss Ada Titus, 1902
M. M. Martin, 1903
James G. Watts, 1904
Miss Grace R. Young, 1905
Miss Erma J. Taylor, 1905-'06
Miss Ella A. Barmore, 1907
Miss Pearl Emery, 1907-'08
Miss Julia Nye, 1909
Miss Ruth Andrew, 1910-'11-'12-'13
Miss Murul Vernon, 1914-'15
Miss Mary G. Harvey, 1916-'17
Miss Agnes Colville, 1918-'19

The teachers following Miss Colville were: Miss Florence Bennet, 1920-21, Miss Jane Jackson, 1921-22, and Miss Agnes Rislow, Sept., October and November, 1922. When the old building was abandoned to enter the new one.

The history of the consolidated school in brief is as follows: July 18, 1921—Election, voting on proposition whether or not to consolidate Argle No. (53), Brown (50), and Red Oak (28) Districts. Election held in Argyle Hall. Result of election: Men's vote: 36 "for", 4 "against"; Women's vote: 19 "for" unanimous.

August 20, 1921: Election of Board members. Matthew Andrew, President, one year; Edward Ralston and Ray Ralston, members, one year; Wm. McDonald and Edgar W. Smith, members, two years; E. B. Reid and Howard Rogers, members, three years. Of this Board, Edgar W. Smith was elected Secretary. The same Board is still intact, and the same officers still hold their respective positions.

February 25, 1922: An election was held to authorize the Board to bond the district in the amount of $17,000, buy a site and build a school house. Forty-eight votes were cast, and it was practically an unanimous election on all old propositions.

The building was constructed in the summer and fall of 1922, dedicated on Friday evening, December 1, 1922, and formally entered for school purposes on Tuesday, December 5, 1922. Cost of building approximately $21,000.

The teachers were 1922-1923: Miss Agnes Rislow, Principal, and upper grades; 1923-24, Miss Agnes Rislow, as above, and Miss Edith Ralston, lower grades.

The program for the Dedicatory service consisted of a main address by Judge R. K. Welsh; Remarks by County Superintendent, Abbie Jewett Craig; also, by Edgar W. Smith representing the Board of Education, and Readings by Attorney A. V. Essington. Music was also furnished by a four-piece orchestra and a male quartet.

Chapter VIII

MORE FAMILIES FROM THE HOME-LAND

Mr. and Mrs. William Ralston, of Guilford, left in 1837. After arriving at New York, they came to Massachusetts where Margaret was born, who later was Mrs. Thomas Brown. They remained there two years then came to Wheeling, Ohio. Later they came to Cincinnati, before going to Illinois in 1855. After leaving Scotland, Thomas and Charles Brown located at Cincinnati, before coming to Illinois in 1856. Charles Brown brought a string of sleigh bells with him from Cincinnati, being the first in use in the settlement. It was the law in that city that they use bells on their horses during the sleighing season. Mr. Brown put the bells on the horses one Sunday morning and came to church. One of the good fathers shook his head and said, "It was a solemn mockery." This remark may have reference to Zech. 14:20.

Peter Ralston and family of six sons and three daughters crossed the ocean in the ship, the Gleaner, in 1842, coming to Marietta, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio. They remained there for eight years before coming to Illinois in 1850. Alexander, one of the sons, was a carpenter by trade and

worked for Cyrus McCormick, the reaper manufacturer, who had a factory in Cincinnati, before he located in Chicago. Mr. Ralston called on Mr. McCormick, while in Chicago, and he remembered him. Mr. and Mrs. David Lamont and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Watterson and family, on leaving Scotland at an early date, settled in Cincinnati, Ohio. Later they came to this locality in 1854. The Lamont family owned a farm in Guilford near the Bell School. Mr. Lamont was an elder and a chorister in the Willow Creek Church for a number of years. John Watterson was a tailor to trade and had a shop at Oxford, Ohio. Mr. Watterson made clothing for the professors and students of Oxford College.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Breckenridge and family left Scotland in the month of August, 1854. They were among the first to cross the ocean in a steam-ship, making the voyage in thirteen days. It was considered a fast run for that time. Mr. Breckenridge owned a farm in Guilford Township near the Bell School. There were a number of Kintyre farmers who came later: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Montgomery, 1861; Alexander McPhail, 1866; Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell. There were others who located near Winnebago and Rockford: the Smiths, Kelleys, McGeachies, Hunters, Nicholson, McDugals, Langwills, McLarens, Flemings, McGonigals, Hills, McNairs, Templetons, Armours, Brislens, Harveys, Falconers, Kerrs, McColloughs and McIntyres.

On the north side of the settlement were a number of Scotch families who were not from Argyleshire, but came from other parts of Scotland: the Henderson family, who lived on the Jabez Love farm, the Kerr family on the next farm east, and the Richies, who lived on the Kinnikinnick Creek. There was a school organized in the log house on the Kerr farm. This building was used in the summer months. In the winter, the school was held in a room over the kitchen in the Kerr home. To this school came the Siddals, Whipples, Kerrs, and Hen-

dersons. Hon. David B. Henderson, who was speaker of the House of Representatives during the McKinley administration, was a member of this school. He was known among his fellows as an inveterate reader and possessed a great memory. It does not make so much difference what school a boy may attend, much depends on the boy whether he will make good or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McEachran left Scotland in 1854 in a sailing vessel for Quebec. They were six weeks on the voyage. From Quebec they went to Chatam, Canada, where J. B. McEachran was born. They remained there for four years, before coming to the Argyle Settlement. Mr. McEachran followed his calling of contractor and carpenter and built a large number of houses and barns for the people of the community. Their home was near the village of Argyle with land adjoining. This place was first owned by Amos Brooks. At that time there was a stage coach route between Chicago, Elgin, Belvidere, Beloit and Janesville. The Brook's house was used for a tavern. The sign was a deer's head and it was called "The Buck Horn Tavern." The place was sold to Jessie Allen, who later sold it to Mr. McEachran, now owned by Peter Stevenson.

Mrs. Marion Picken, widow, left Scotland in 1847 with her young family of two sons, James and John, two daughters, Margaret and Marion. They lived on the Randall farm now owned by the Donald Sillars, Est. for one year before locating on their farm on West Lane. Her daughter, Marion, died when she was nineteen years old. John Picken bought the Jessie Allen farm on West Lane where his son David now lives. Margaret Picken was united in marriage to James Greenlee on New Year's day, January 1, 1857. They celebrated their Golden Wedding, January 1, 1907.

Robert and John Thompson, who were twin brothers, and their sister, Helen, who was later Mrs. McCulloch, left Scot-

land in 1853. They crossed the ocean on the Charlotte Harrison and stayed one year in Ohio before coming to Illinois settling on a farm north of Caledonia. John Thompson, when a lad, was servant with Rev. Alexander Ling, M. A. minister, of the Southend Church. Mr. Thompson had a literary turn of mind and was correspondent for the Rockford Register Gazette for a number of years. He owned the farm near Caledonia which his son, John W., now owns. Their mother and the rest of the family, two sons, and three daughters, came a year later, coming direct to Illinois. They crossed the ocean on a sailing vessel called the Albena. Archie Thompson, one of the sons, had a fancy for boats and the sea. While crossing the ocean, the captain would let him take the wheel and steer the ship when the ocean was calm.

Although the Armours and John Greenlee and family were the first to leave Kintyre, Scotland, and settle in Illinois, Alexander Brown and Edward Brown left Scotland in 1834, being two years previous to the coming of the Greenlee family, but they settled near Cincinnati, Ohio. Alexander Brown married Edward Brown's sister, Margaret, on June 19, 1834 and came to America. In September of the same year Edward Brown, with his father and mother and younger members of the family, sailed for America. While on the ocean, near New York, his father, William Brown, died the third of September. A sister also died. They were buried at New York for the time being, but were later brought to Cincinnati. At this time Mr. Brown was only twenty-three years old and had to take charge of his mother and younger members of the family. Mr. Brown married and lived in Ohio for seventeen years where four of their daughters were born. They came to Illinois in 1851. Their journey from Ohio to Illinois must have been novel and interesting. They, with their young family, took passage in river boat having with them their horses, wagon, and other baggage. They came

down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, then up the Mississippi as far as Savanna, where they landed. Taking their horses and covered wagon, they came across the prairie to the Argyle Settlement, arriving at the home of John Andrew. The covered wagon of the pioneer days was called the "prairie schooner." After a time Mr. Brown bought the Jeihal Gregory farm which was partly improved, being the farm now owned by his son William Brown.

Robert Colville emigrated with his parents from Scotland in 1842 and settled at Marietta, Ohio, where they rented land for a number of years. Later the family moved to Cincinnati. Mr. Colville married Agnes McKay, who had come over in the ship, Gleaner, in 1842. They came to the settlement in 1852 and lived on their farm until 1897, when they retired to Rockford.

James Reid, who was a brother of Hugh and Alexander Reid, came with his family in May, 1858. They had quite an experience on their journey. They took passage on the steam-ship, New York, from Glasgow to New York. The first night out in a dense fog the ship went on the rocks at the Mull of Kintyre on the south coast of Scotland. By means of ropes, all the passengers were saved. They walked across the hills to their old home again. They were not discouraged and tried once more. In mid ocean their ship was struck by another ship, doing some damage. They finally reached New York safely. Mr. Reid was a tailor to trade. He was the first janitor of the Willow Creek Church.

Mathew McMillan left Argyleshire in 1852 and came to Ohio remaining there a few years before coming to Illinois. He owned the farm near Caledonia where his sons now live. He was a Highlander and could speak the Gaelic language. It was his custom to give grace at his own table in the Gaelic language. It is said that the Gaelic language is more impressive when used in worship and contains more words that express

love and adoration than are to be found in the English language.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Watson and family of four sons and two daughters came to Illinois in 1847 coming in the same ship as Mrs. Marion Picken. Shortly after coming here, Mr. Watson was taken sick with typhoid fever and died at the home of Mrs. Daniel Smith, leaving the widow with the young family.

James and Hugh Brown left Scotland in 1854 coming direct to Illinois, taking up land in Guilford Township. Accompanying them to this country was Miss Agnes Hamilton, who later was married to David Brown, a half brother of James and Hugh.

Mathew Ralston was born in Scotland in 1843. After the death of his father and mother, the family emigrated to Australia in 1864. They took passage in a ship called Southern Ocean, under Captain Craige. They were ninety days on the voyage. Mr. Ralston remained in Australia for over three years. He returned to Scotland with the ship, Essex, commanded by Captain Evens. They were ninety days on the return voyage. In 1868 he married Miss Janet Lightbody and came to Illinois. They lived for a number of years on the David Picken farm on West Lane before going on their own farm in Guilford.

Archie Smith left Argyleshire in April, 1856, going to Australia where he stayed for three years. He came back to Scotland and spent the winter before coming to Illinois in the summer of 1860. Mr. Smith bought eighty acres of land known as the Bridgeland farm, south of Winnebago, near Middle Creek Church. He was married to Miss Martha Greenlee, June 19, 1865. In the spring of 1869 they moved to the William Ferguson farm in the settlement, being the farm now owned by his son, Hugh Smith.

Charles and Peter Ralston, who were sons of Elder Peter

Ralston who owned the farm on West Lane formerly owned by J. R. McDonald, emigrated to California in the spring of 1864. On leaving the settlement, they went to New York and took passage on a boat for Panama to sail on the fourth of May, 1864. They were ten days in going from New York to Panama. They crossed the Isthmus by rail, there being a railway across to the Pacific Ocean at that time. From there they took ship to San Francisco, arriving on June 6, 1864. They remained during the summer then went to Oregon. Later they came to Kansas where they bought a farm four miles from Lawrence. Charles Ralston married, and the brothers lived together for a number of years. The later years of Charles' life were devoted to earnest Christian work. When a child he was baptised in the Presbyterian Church. In later years he united with the Baptist Church and was immersed believing that to be the true rite of Baptism. He died some years ago. He had one son, Ernest Ralston, who is on his father's farm. Peter Ralston never married and lived with his nephew until his death which was in the month of March, 1916.

Caldwell Ralston, who was a son of Alexander Ralston, lived on a farm on West Lane now owned by James Greenlee. Owing to some misunderstanding with his father, he left home without telling anyone of his intentions. Years passed by without any word from him of where he was located. It was the cause of a great deal of grief and anxiety to his only sister, Mary, who missed him more than any one else. After a lapse of thirty years, being in Chicago, he came to Roscoe coming to the old homestead on West Lane. He found the house empty as his father had gone to Rockford to live. He called on his uncle, D. C. Ralston, but they did not know him, as thirty years had made a great change in his appearance and he did not make himself known. He called at a few of the neighbors, visited the church and Scottish cemetery, and went

to Caledonia intending to take the train for Chicago. It happened that day that there was a wreck on the North Western line and there was no train leaving that afternoon for Chicago. He stayed at the Chamberlain Hotel for a while and got into conversation with Mrs. Chamberlain. He was not aware that she knew of his father's family. He inquired about Mary Ralston. She told him that Mary was dead. Before he thought, he said, "Is my sister really dead." She knew at once that he must be Caldwell Ralston who had gone away so long ago. She called his cousins, John C. and James R. Ralston. After a short conversation with them, he acknowledged that he was Caldwell Ralston. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Owing to business appointments, he could not stay longer at that time and returned to Chicago. After a time he came back and visited his father, uncles, cousins, and old school mates. He had been through the Civil War, after which he married and settled in St. Louis as a contractor and builder. He had two sons and one daughter. His wife and daughter visited relatives here later. He died a few years ago. His daughter, Bessie, married a Mr. Gunn and went to Errun, Huston County, Tennessee, to live. His two sons, at this writing, are in business at St. Louis.

John Caldwell, when a young man in Scotland, studied for the ministry, but having the misfortune of being deaf he had to abandon his studies. Although not a graduate of the schools and not ordained, yet he was truly a minister of the Gospel. Few men had the natural gifts and ability to expound the word of God that he possessed. In the absence of a regular minister, he would take their place. When it was known that he was to address the meeting, old and young would come to hear him. His lectures on the revelations of St. John were very interesting. He always took charge of the cottage prayer meetings in his neighborhood. To the young people he was the story teller. He would take them on

his knee and tell them some story of the Covenanters, the Crusaders, or some Bible story. To the older people he was a Bible student, a philosopher, and a theologian.

The Reverend John E. Montgomery paid him the following tribute while speaking of the old people of the church. "There was Uncle John Caldwell, whose name I have the honor to bear. You cannot speak of him too highly; his natural abilities were of such a high order." In the absence of the regular preacher he was often called to conduct the Sunday service and on such occasions his Scriptual expositions were wonderfully clear, cogent, and spiritual. But especially were his prayers inspired by that indescribable pathos and eloquence that carried all hearts up with him to the throne of grace. One of the happiest recollections of my boyhood was climbing on his knee, when he was visiting my father, and urging him to tell me a story which he could do in a way that surpassed imitation.

The following incident was told of John Caldwell. While in Scotland one of his friends in Illinois wrote him that Providence was holding eighty acres of land for him. Shortly after his arrival here he went out one morning on the eighty with his old country axe with a straight handle. Mr. Caldwell was not accustomed to chopping wood in his native land. He started to cut down a large white oak tree about four feet through. He hacked all day at the tree but did not succeed in getting it down. When he returned in the evening he said to his friend, "Weal, if Providence is keeping that eighty for me, he is cheated for once." He, with his brother-in-law, D. C. Ralston, came to the West Lane and took up three eighties which is the farm now owned by Andrew Smith.

Chapter IX
NEW CHURCH BUILT

The present church was built in 1877 and was dedicated on Thursday, February 7, 1878. The dedication sermon was preached by Professor F. L. Patton, of Chicago. The Congregation accepted a gift of land and manse from Robert Howie at the present location. The Reverend Ben. E. S. Ely, a former pastor, paid the following tribute to the memory of Robert Howie. "I knew him well. It was my privilege to be with him at his death bed and preach his funeral sermon. I think he might be justly called the John Knox of this church. He was made of the same kind of material that the reformer was. He was as stiff as a ramrod, so straight in his orthodoxy that he bent back, but although he was an austere man and thus made some enemies, he was a pillar of strength to the church and to no one perhaps is the church more indebted than to him. I first learned from him that when a Scotchman wanted to say 'no' with a vengence, he said, 'na' with a snap."

No one knew until he was on his death bed that he had broken two of his ribs while returning from a prayer meeting by his horse falling into a ditch. Mr. Howie was a bachelor and had no one to keep him right on the days of the week. One Sunday morning he harnessed his horses and went to plow in the field. Mr. Ferguson, his neighbor, told him that it was Sunday. Robin said, "na." He was not willing to believe it as Mr. Ferguson was a humorous man, but, like Jacob of old, when Robin saw the wagons coming to church he believed. The following incident, which was taken from a newspaper clippings, is credited to Mr. Howie:

"When the big emigration took place from Kintyre sixty or seventy years ago, the emigrants settled here and there in small colonies, and townships sprang up which were given the old familiar names in the homeland. These settlers preserved

the customs of the district from which they came in the old country with remarkable fidelity, and it was characteristic of them that this was peculiarly so in the matter of religion.

"Recently at a dinner party in New York a story was told relating to the settlement of Argyle, where up till a few years ago practically every resident was of Kintyre extraction.

"The conversation had turned on the proper length of sermons, and one of the guests at length attempted to sum up the discussion by remarking: 'At least none of us have ever heard of anybody in church objecting because the sermon was too short.'

"Dr. Mackenzie, secretary of the Presbyterian College Board, was at the table, and he quietly accepted the implied challenge.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'I have heard of a sermon that was too short. And it was my sermon. It was in the spring of 1873, when I was just about graduating from M'Cormick Seminary in Chicago. I was invited to preach in the country church of Argyle, Illinois—a church in the midst of one of the most remarkable Scotch settlements in the United States. The house of worship was a substantial building of brick, the manse was of stone, and had a 'glebe' of perhaps five acres attached to it. It all looked good to me. Their pulpit was vacant and I was engaged to be married; and I was hoping for a call.

" 'But when morning service was ended a silent, rigid old elder, typically Scotch, took me home with him. After dinner he said solemnly:

" 'I'm thinking there is something I should be sayin' to ye.'

" 'I shall be thankful to hear it,' I responded.

" 'I'm thinkin' ye'll no like it,' he went on.

" 'I told him I was prepared for anything.

" 'Well,' he went on more solemnly still. 'I'm thinkin' ye'll no do. Ye see,' he went on, 'ye preached only thirty minutes, and there's many of our people drove six miles to sit

under ye. They'll no be thinking it's worth while to drive so far to hear so little.' "

"And Dr. Mackenzie's first call came from another church. His brevity was fatal in Argyle.

Account of the drowning of Archibald Armour and Daniel McDermaid, on June 18, 1868:

Mrs. Robert Armour, a widow, and her son, Archibald, owned a farm on the East Lane, which was part of the original Armour claim. They were having their barn repaired by Thomas Chapel and Richard Lawer. The eighteenth of June, being a very hot day, they stopped working. Daniel McDermaid was working for the Armours at that time. They all went to Caledonia and on their way home, they thought of taking a swim at the culvert, about one mile north of Caledonia. Previous to this time there had been a freshet and the water was high. Planks had been laid under the culvert for the water to run through and the freshet had undermined them. They all had their plunge and came out except Archibald Armour, who on his way out, accidently slipped off the end of the planks into a deep hole under them. When he came up, Mr. Lawer caught him by the hair and Mr. McDemaid by his arm but all three went down. Mr. Lawer got himself clear of the others, one of them having their arm around his neck. He came up and went down again. When he came up the third time, he succeeded in swimming out. The others did not rise again. They called for help and John McEachran, Mr. Wellington, and Colin Lang came to their assistance. They took the reins from the horses and tried to locate the bodies but the water was too deep. They sent to Caledonia for help. James McMillan, son of John McMillan, who was a clerk in William Ralston's store, dived down and located the bodies. By this time a number of people had come to their assistance. They recovered the bodies but they had been in the water too long, and could not be restored to life. Funeral

service was held from the Armour home for both deceased at the same hour. Rev. R. G. Thompson, being pastor of the Willow Creek Church at that time, conducted the service. This occasion was peculiarly sad as Mr. Armour was the only son of this widowed mother and Mr. McDermaid was engaged to Miss Isabelle Ralston, and was to have been married soon. It was a sad day in the history of the Argyle Settlement.

In 1849 great excitement was caused by the discovery of gold in California. From all parts of the country men flocked to the gold diggings. Some went by steamer from the Isthmus of Panama and by sailing vessels around Cape Horn. Others went by the over land route to California in "The covered wagon." Among those who went from this community to seek their fortunes were the following: Charles Kelley, James Watson, Ralph Liddister, Robert Henderson, Daniel McMillan, J. C. Tripp, and James McGeachie.

Charles Kelley was with a surveying party on the Southern Pacific railway for a number of years and had quite an experience in camp life. He was a crack shot and was one of the best marksmen in this part of the country. James McGeachie went to Panama and walked across the Isthmus camping out as he went and took ship for California. Charles Kelley and James Watson met Buffalo Bill on one of his scouting trips. Mr. Kelley met him later at one of his shows and he remembered him.

On the south side within bounds of Argyle Settlement were a number of families who came from the New England States. They were Jonas Tofflemire, David Highbee, Samuel Session, Horace Magoon, Mr. Cook, James Randall, George Early, and Horace Dyer. Mr. Tofflemire owned the J. C. Tripp farm and at an early day donated land for a cemetery, it was in use as far back as 1842. The majority of the men mentioned were buried at this place. They were located on farms as follows: David Highbee, part of Donald Sillars's

farm; Samuel Session, south eighty of J. C. Tripp farm now owned by J. C. Greenlee; Horace Magoon on the Brown-Renwick farm; Horace Dyer on farm now occupied by Mr. Anderson; James Randall known as Squire Randall owned the Donald Sillar's farm, and Mr. Cook on the land later owned by Robert and John Smith, which is now owned by Dr. Shallenberger. Mr. Cook built a small distillery near a spring where he distilled whiskey from corn.

Chapter X
THE RAILROADS, TOWNS AND MISCELLANEOUS

In 1850, the Chicago and Northwestern Railway was built as far as Elgin and was completed to Belvidere in 1851-1852. The farmers in this vicinity took a holiday and went to see the first engine that came into Belvidere. They realized that the time was at hand when they would have a market for their grain and stock without going the long journey to Chicago. A company was organized in 1857 to build the Kenosha and Rockford Railway. Mr. Charles Spafford of Rockford was president of the company. The object claimed was to get another outlet to Lake Michigan, other than Chicago. Five year bonds were issued and the company sent out agents to interest the farmers and get them to buy stock. The inducements or bait held out to the farmers was that the earnings of the road would pay for their stock before the five years was up; but the result was different. Many of the farmers bought stock, some giving their notes secured by a mortgage on their land. These notes were used as collateral at the banks for money to build the road. Before the road was finished, the company failed and the road was sold at auction to the highest bidder and the North Western Company bought it. Like a great many other swindles, the farmers had to pay up their bonds and had no share in the North Western Company. The Kenosha Railway, which was intended for a rival line, became

a feeder for the North Western Railway. Some farmers nearly lost their farms by the Kenosha and Rockford Railway. (Will we farmers ever learn to leave these things alone?)

The labor of building the Kenosha and Rockford Railway was done by Irishmen from Wisconsin, who came here and brought their families with them. They built a village of shacks or shanties, about fifty in number. This village was located on the hill on the south side of the railroad on the Picken and Sillar's Road on land now owned by Hugh Smith, about one mile west of Argyle. There was a supply store where the workmen could get groceries, tobacco, and other articles. Every family kept a number of dogs, so the boys called it "Dog Town" and the name stuck. At that time the farmers churned and made their own butter. The Irish women would go among the farmers and get the buttermilk; would set the pail of milk on top of their heads and walk home as straight as a bee line, much to the astonishment of the younger people. After the railway was finished, they moved away except a few families who located on land east of Argyle and the name of their town followed them there. Be it said to their credit that they always took it in good nature when joked about their town. When the railroad was completed in 1859, John Andrew, the founder of the village of Argyle, bought forty acres of land from Alexander Reid in order to get a site for a depot. He then petitioned the railway company for a station and when word came granting the request, he was so excited that he got on his horse and rode to the neighbors to tell the good news. When within calling distance he shouted, "We have got it. We have got it." On being asked what he had gotten, he replied, "Oh, the depot, the depot."

The name of the postoffice was first called Kintyre, in honor of the district they had come from in Scotland, but later there proved to be another Kintyre in the state so the name was changed to Argyle, in honor of the shire or county they came

from. Mr. Andrew, with his sons, built a store and grain elevator. They conducted a general business in lumber, coal, and live stock up to the time it was sold to Ralston Brothers.

The year 1860 was the beginning of the Civil war and these were stirring times in the country. It was also the year of the big crops so often referred to. Wheat went up to $2.50 a bushel and corn to $1 and other grain and stock in proportion. When green backs were made a legal tender for the payment of all debts, farmers who had gone in debt for land had a good opportunity to pay for it. Thomas Jackson, a gentleman who was a clerk in the store at Argyle, organized a company of home guards of the young men of the community who met Saturday evenings and drilled for an hour. Mr. Jackson was their captain. They had blue uniforms with brass buttons and made a fine appearance. When the call came for men to enlist in the regular army, a number of this company joined. Camp Fuller, in Rockford, was located where National Avenue, Harlem Avenue and Camp Avenue now are, it being all vacant at that time. It was a sad day in Rockford when the soldiers left for the front. They marched from the Fairground's Park to the North Western depot. They later joined the lead mine regiment, which was under General Grant. Some will remember seeing mothers, wifes and sweethearts coming out of the houses along the street to say good-bye. Some of them could not do it, they were so overcome. They had to turn back to the house. The following is a list of the young men who went from this locality. It is not a complete list but will give the reader an idea of conditions at that time:

Capt. Thomas Jackson
James Waterson
Thomas Lamont
Warren Anderson
Hugh McMichael
Neil Watson
John Lockey
Daniel McNeilage
Alex Jackson
Sylvester Jackson
Charles Jackson
Newell Joslin
Senel Vinolstine
Henry Morgan
Joseph P. Whalen
Dennis Lane

John W. Parker
Alex Lockey
Lionel Lockey
Malcolm Bruner
Wm. E. Turner
Daniel Halley
Malancthon Smith
William Kerr
Charles Magoon
Andrew Sullivan

Near the close of the war, the government issued a call for 100,000 men. Each county had to furnish a certain number of men. The town of Harlem had to furnish twenty-three men. In order to prevent a draft, a meeting was called of the residents and voters of the township at the home of Robert Ralston, town clerk. They voted to raise money by tax levy to hire substitutes to fill their quota. Ten thousand and forty-five dollars was raised to pay a bounty to men to go as substitutes. John Smith and E. S. Bartholemew had charge of the work. The following is a list of the men who went for the last call:

Edwin Doolittle
Henry Turner
James Heffran
John Darville
Jeremiah Johnson
John L. Fisher
Daniel Clark
Henry F. McKnight
Frank McAvoy
George H. Hopkins
Isaac Watts
Alonza P. Doolittle
Hezekiah H. Turner
Amos Haskins
Russell Doolittle
John Cooney
Steaphen Youngman
Charles A. Tample
C. H. Austin
William A. Moore
David Johnson
George M. Dell
George A. Parker

James Watterson and Daniel McNeilage were killed at the battle of Shiloh and Thomas Lamont and Hugh McMicheal were severely wounded.

THE TOWNS

Caledonia is one of the poetical names of Scotland. It was given to the village of Caledonia by Gavin Ralston, the pioneer. He, with his brothers, owned eighty acres of land where the village now stands. The Chicago and North Western Railway was built through in 1852. In the recorders' office in Belvidere is an old plat of the village given by Gavin Ralston, being all on the north by the east side of the railway.

The second plat was given by J. A. Cornwell being on the south by west side of the railway. A man by the name of George Watterman came from one of the eastern states and taught in the Morgan school in 1844-1845, being the first school in the township. It appears that he jumped the claim of the Ralston eighty acres and they were obliged to buy it back for a consideration of $150. Among the first families in the vicinity of Caledonia was Robert Morgan. Others were Isaac Sewell and Mr. Whiting who planted the first nursery in this locality; Solomon Greeley, who had a claim on the farm later owned by Robert Henderson; Mr. Degroff, Abraham Drake, and Mr. Hoalt, who owned the Alexander Ralston farm. Ermerson and Guilkerson built the hotel and managed it for a number of years. They sold it to Mr. Montanna, who later sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. John Arnott, who owned the James Hamilton farm, was a grain and live stock merchant. Mr. Tuffelmire managed a store in a grout building on the east side of the railway, which is now owned by Jerome Sweeney. Dr. Renyolds built a two story building on the corner where the Condon store now stands, where he managed a store. He was succeeded by Emerson and later by Henry Morgan. Some time after this building was burned down. Hugh Cunningham of Belvidere conducted a store in the brick building and was succeeded by William Ralston, who managed a general store. Later the store was sold to Thomas Willson and Son, who also built and managed a creamery for a number of years. Other business men of a later date were William Cunningham, J. C. Kelley, Mr. Clarkson, Wm. McNeilage and Colin Lang and Son. Ralston Bros. located in Caledonia in 1880 which gave the village a new start. They built an up-to-date grain elevator and conducted a general business in grain, lumber, coal and agricultural implements. The elevator was burned in the month of March, 1901. It was rebuilt with mill adjoining; this

building stood for ten years and was destroyed by fire on the evening of April 18, 1916. Ralston Brothers for the third time built an elevator and mill with electric power for elevating and grinding feed. The central of the Boone County Telephone Company is located in the village and has proved a great benefit to the community and a success financially. The Congregational church, in the village, was built in 1894. It is a credit to the community and is a religious and social center for the people. Caledonia, being a junction on one of the main lines between Chicago and St. Paul, is quite a busy railway center and some of the finest and fastest trains pass through the village. This year, 1922, the new consolidated school has been built.

The dedication of the Caledonia Consolidated School was held on Thursday evening, May 31, 1922, in the auditorium. The building was erected on a four acre plot of ground by the Security Building Company of Rockford. Members of the school board are John A. Kellley, president; John W. Thompson, secretary; John R. Ralston, Mathew J. Andrew, J. V. Beynon, Carlyle Ralston, and Robert Cummings. Addresses and readings were given by Miss Elizabeth B. Harvey, John W. Thompson, William Bowling, and Miss Gladys Whiting. Songs were given by school children.

The meeting concluded with a dance.

The Caledonia National bank received their charter June 22, 1914, and was opened for business December 1, 1914. The capital stock is $25,000. The officers are J. A. Brown, president, and J. C. Ralston, vice president. W. B. Strong, who was cashier, resigned in February, 1916, and John A. Greenlee was elected to fill the vacancy. The directors are J. C. Ralston, F. W. Marriett, W. D. Ralston, W. S. Erickson, J. A. Kelley, and J. A. Brown. Mr. Erickson resigned and E. T. Griffith was elected to fill the vacancy.

OTHER NEIGHBORING TOWNS

Belvidere was named by Samuel P. Daty, who was the first white settler. He claimed the name was suggested to him by Mark Reublen, an early French settler of Chicago who fancied the country around as it resembled Belvidere, near Weimer, in Saxe Gotha, Germany.

Roscoe derives its name from the township of Roscoe, which was named by Ralph Abell in honor of William Roscoe, the English historian. It is said that the first bridge across Rock River in Winnebago County was built at Roscoe.

Beloit, Wisconsin, was first named by the settlers in 1836, New Albany. They were not satisfied with the name so they called a meeting to have the name changed. Several names were proposed and rejected. One of the settlers tried to sound a French word meaning handsome ground, uttered the sound Bellotte. Another settler modified this to Beloit, which was like Detroit in sound and was thought pretty and original, so the newly coined name was adopted and by it New Albany has ever since been known. (Wisconsin History Bulletin).

The village of Harlem derives its name from the township. The town hall is located there. The grain elevator, built by L. A. Fabrick and managed for a number of years, is now owned by Patterson and Company. There is a general store, a good school, blacksmith shop and lumber yard.

ROCKFORD

The name given the city was from the ford where they could drive across, which had a rock bottom. In the old stage coach days, the arrival and departure of the coach was of public interest. When the stage road was surveyed from Chicago, via Elgin, Belvidere, Rockford, Freeport and Galena, it opened a way for a regular line of stage coaches leaving Chicago on Sunday. The schedule time between Chicago and Rockford was twenty-four hours. They used four horses on the coach and changed every fifteen miles. They carried

mail, passengers, and light parcels. Frank & Walker Company owned the first stage line. Their barn was on the corner of State and Third streets.

In John H. Thurston's book "Early Days in Rockford" he states that the first Fourth of July celebration held in Rockford was in 1837. Dinner was cooked in Mrs. Hight's iron kettle. The speaking and program was held in Mr. Hight's barn. John C. Kimble was the orator of the day. The celebration finished with a grand ball, the first in the county, which was held in Mr. Hight's house. He was the original owner of the land where Rockford now stands. There were three fiddlers and "Old Zip Coon" was the favorite. Mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

The first religious services held in Winnebago County, by a white congregation, were in Germanicus Kent's log house in June, 1835. Reverend Aracus Kent, a Presbyterian minister of Galena, was the preacher and the families of Daniel S. Hight and Mr. Kent, seventeen in number, being all the white inhabitants in the county except Stephen Mack, were present.

The first county fair was held on the east side of the river in 1841. The first cannon used in Rockford was made there and was fired to celebrate July 4, 1837. In the pioneer days the nearest market was Chicago, Illinois, and Racine, Wisconsin. The farmers would form a party and go with their oxen teams. In this way they could help one another if they had any misfortune or got stuck in the mud. They sometimes got stalled on State Street, Chicago. If the trip was made in a week, they thought they had done well, and in later years when horses were used, the trip could be made much faster. A few of the farmers had one horse that they could use to plough corn as the oxen would tramp and eat the growing corn. The first to own and drive a pair of horses in Argyle Settlement was William Ferguson and Robert Armour. On a still, frosty night, when

the home folks were expecting their fathers or brothers from Chicago, they would listen for the noise of the wagons returning in the direction of Belvidere and would give them a hearty welcome.

Farm life in the pioneer days was very different from what it is now. At that time it was much the same as it was in Bible times "A sower went forth to sow." The grain was scattered broadcast by hand on the fields. The reaping was done with a cradle, hook, or sickle. Some of these cradles and hooks may be found in the community, being relics of bygone days. The threshing was done with a flail, or by tramping the grain out with oxen or horses on a threshing floor. We are told in Judges 6-11 that Gideon threshed wheat by the winepress to hide it from the Midionites. The first reapers were the McCormick machine. Robert and John Smith, Gavin Ralston, Hugh Reid, and the Hendersons were the first to get reapers. Later the Fountains at Rockton manufactured a reaper, and the Mannys of Rockford, a combined reaper and mower. Then the self rakes came into use. James O. Gregory of Roscoe, and Charles Picken on West Lane had machines of this kind. This was a large rake attached to the reaper that was run with a gear and went through the motions that a man would make to take off bundles. It was comical to watch it at work. The next improvement in reapers was the March Harvester. They were manufactured by Emerson and Talcott of Rockford. Two men stood on the machine and bound the grain. The straw was elevated as fast as it was cut over the ground wheel. The first of these machines that came to this community was to Robert Greenlee in Guilford, to cut a field of rye. All the farmers went to see it at work. Many of the young men were expert binders and the machine was a success. From that machine came the idea of the self binder we have at present.

The first threshing machine was simply a cylinder run by

horse power. The grain and straw came out together. Later a machine which they called a traveling machine was invented. The power to drive the cylinder was from the ground wheel, the same as a reaper. There was a box attached to hold the grain. It was operated by driving to the stack, putting on a load of bundles and driving away in the field threshing as it went. The straw came out at the end as threshed and the grain dropped into a box. The next machine was called the Rochester, a complete machine owned by John Smith and Brothers, also another by the Wright Brothers. The Richardsons of Roscoe built a machine which was run by Lovejoy and Mabie. They threshed for a toll, taking every tenth bushel. This machine had one advantage. The belt could be tightened by weighting a pulley. George Greenlee and Charles Brown managed a machine called the Ohio Blue for a number of years. Other threshing outfits were owned by Robert Montgomery and Robert Ralston, James Turner and Robert Greenlee, Alex Smith, John Reid, L. McLee, and Hugh Greenlee. William and Alexander McDonald owned a Buffalo Pitt. Later the machines became more plentiful and a larger make. In the early days, when there was so much straw they had to thresh all winter, sometimes having as much fun at an old-fashioned threshing as at a picnic. Threshing companies of a later date were Robert and John Thompson, James Watson, and Charles Kelley, John Andrew, Chas. Kelley, Alex Smith and Robert Greenlee, Watson McMillan and McDonald, J. R. McDonald and Duncan Kelley, John Reid and Thomas Watterson, John and Andrew McDonald, J. B. and David Ralston, J. R. and David McDonald. These were all horse power machines and were in use up to the time of the steam threshers.

There were also improvements in other farm machinery. Corn was planted with the hoe and cultivated with a small plow with one horse going twice on one row.

Later they used a walking cultivator with two horses going once on the row. Afterwards the riding cultivator came into use. Now, by using three horses they can cultivate two rows at one time. Harvesting the hay crop now is much easier and faster than when they cut with the scythe and used the hand rake. Now they have wide mowers, the tedders, hay loaders, and barns equipped with hay fork and a track to gather the hay into the barn.

It seems strange that with all our improvements in farm machinery the farmer is as busy now as in the pioneer days, but the work is not as hard. One reason they have less help for the amount of work accomplished. Before the Union Stock yards in Chicago were built the farmers would dress their hogs for the market. This was done in the winter months so the meat would freeze before it was shipped. There was a lot of hard work and a lot of fun about an old-fashioned butchering. The neighbors would help one another and there was a social time as well.

As to the social and educational life of the community, nothing as yet has taken the place of the old-fashioned singing schools, spelling schools, debating societies, and musical geography schools, of the pioneer days. The first singing school was taught by Mr. Cole in the log school. Mr. Vincent of Roscoe taught in the stone school and the brick church. On the south side, Mr. Miller and Mr. Mears taught in the Enoch School. Later Mr. Billings taught two schools each week, one at the stone school and the other at the Enoch School. He was an expert at teaching the young people to read notes. He told the boys if they ever saw a chipmunk running on a crooked rail fence, that was the way to read notes. Sabin Wood and Wash Warner of Roscoe taught in West Lane and Enoch Schools. For lights they used tallow candles. Each family would bring one or two according to the number of young people. It was considered quite a fete

or stunt among the young braves to snuff the candles with their fingers without getting burned.

Spelling contests were popular in winter months and there was quite a rivalry between the schools. Miss Mary and David McDonald and Helen Picken were the best spellers on the north district and Miss Mariah Andrew and James Lamont in the Enoch district. After the spelling contest, they had readings, songs, and declamations. Robert Henderson was one of the best declaimers of the old school days. There were several debating societies in the community. The principal speakers in the society that was held in West Lane School were David Howie, Mathew Harvey, James Ferguson, Martin McKinzie, Mathew Howie, and John Greenlee. David C. Ralston was president of the West Lane Literary Society. He decided all questions, debated with satisfaction to all. Mr. Ralston was well qualified for the position. He was a deep reader and thinker. Although he had not the advantages of the schools, he was at home among the knotty questions of philosophy and was familiar with the writings of McCosh, Drummond, and Sir William Hamilton, and was gifted with a clear mind on public questions of the day.

It may be interesting to many to make mention of the musical life of the settlement in the years 1850-1852. Musical geography schools were popular and interesting and were a great feature in the educational and social life of the community. Robert Ralston conducted these evening schools in the log school and Mr. Miller and Mr. Mears held evening schools in the Enoch district. The following is a few copies of the songs and chants they used to sing at those schools:

THE COUNTIES OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

(To the tune of "The Old Granite State.")

We're a band of happy students
We're a band of happy students

And we'll join to sing the counties
Of our own Prairie State.

Lake, McHenry, Winnebago
Boone, Stephenson and Joe Davis
These are all the northern counties
Of our broad Prairie State.

COMPOSED BY ROBERT RALSTON

(To be sung or chanted)

The maps which here we station
For our present explanation
Is a delineation of North America
And now it's our commission
To sing of each division
And tell with great precision
Each ocean, sea and bay
Each lake enclosed by dry land
Each channel, cape and highland
Each river, strait and island
And each peninsula
All these we mean to mention
To assist your apprehension
So give us your attention
To all we have to say.
The equator is a fancy line
Around this earthly ball
The distance north from this same line
North latitude we call
South latitude is distance south
From this same fancy ring
And parallels of latitude
To range with this we bring
Meridians ranging north and south
Are fancy circles too

They touch the poles as they proceed
And cut the equator through
By longitude we understand
The distance east and west
From same meridian we may choose
Whichever we like best.

PENINSULAS

Now of peninsulas we sing
Alaska leads the rhyme sir
Next Melville, Nova Scotia come
All in a northern clime sir
And in the south comes Florida
With Yucatan we meet sir
And California follows next
To make the list complete sir.

There are others giving the capitals of the states, also the mountains, lakes, and rivers. The above copies are sufficient to give the reader an idea of a musical geography school. They did not confine themselves to geography alone. They applied it to arithmetic also. They sang the tables of addition, subtraction, division, and multiplication from one up to twelve.

THE WELLS

Some of the readers, no doubt, remember the old-fashioned wells but for the benefit of the young, I will try to describe one. When the country was new, good wells could be gotten some places by digging from ten to fifteen feet. There was a box like curb three or four feet high placed at the mouth of the well to prevent anything from falling in. A post having a crotch on the end was set in the ground a certain distance from the well. On this post was placed a long pole so that it would balance. When tipped the small end of the pole would go into the well. To the small end of the pole a rope chain and bucket was fastened. It resembled an immense fish

pole with line attached. When they wished to draw a pail of water they would pull down on the rope until the bucket was full. Then the heavy end of the pole would raise the bucket out of the well. It was called a sweep well. On deeper wells a rope windlass and crank was used and the bucket was wound up out of the well. No doubt it was at one of these wells that the poet, Samuel Woodworth, got the inspiration to write "The Old Oaken Bucket."

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

"The wide spreading pond and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell
The cot of my father the dairy house night it
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well."

There is one of the old-fashioned sweep wells on a farm four miles northwest of Rockford, known as the Crow's Nest farm, formerly owned by Miss Kate F. O'Conner.

A CORRECTION

It was stated in the "Willow Creek History" published in 1895 and 1920 that Dr. T. C. Easton was called from Harvard, Wisconsin. At the time he was called to Willow Creek Church, Argyle, he was serving a church at Berlin, Green Lake County, Wisconsin. It was by telegram they invited him to come for communion service, afterward presenting him with a call.

The young men of the parish, who studied for the ministry, were John Giffen, John Montgomery, Thomas Lamont, Hugh Lamont, Mathew Howie, James A. Harvey, Frank Reid, and

Edward Montgomery, also William Henderson, a singing evangelist. Who will be the next to hold up the banner of the cross in this land or in some foreign field? "The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few." In the year 1857 the Willow Creek Church was without a pastor and was supplied by Reverend Ebenezer Brown, of Roscoe. One of the candidates for the church was a Dr. Smith, who preached for six months. He was a large man with a powerful voice and a natural orator. On one occasion he preached a sermon on "The Lost Soul." He tried to describe eternity and said that after centuries and ages had passed by, the clock strikes and one eternity has just begun. The sermon made a great impression upon the congregation, and some of the people became frightened. Though a lad at that time, I remember that sermon distinctly.

The first death in the colony was little Archie Picken, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Picken, who died June 15, 1841 at the age of five years and twenty-six days. There was a poplar grove on their farm, south and east of where the cemetery is now located. Little Archie was buried there. He was followed to his little grave by those who loved his best, where a like service was never held before. After the Scottish Cemetery was organized, his remains were removed to that place. The next death was Mrs. Andrew Giffen, who laid down the burdens of pioneer life in July, 1841. There was an oak grove on the south side of Robert Howie's farm, now owned by Mathew Andrew. It was there that Mrs. Giffen was buried. A number of people were later buried at this place. As there was no public road to this place, it was not suitable for that purpose and was finally abandoned. The Scottish Cemetery Association was organized April 19, 1859. At a meeting held in District No. 4, West Lane School-house, the following officers were elected: John Andrew, president; Alex Ralston, secretary and treasurer; Thomas Brown,

Robert Smith, and Edward Brown, directors.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding day October 2, 1922, at their home, 618 Fisher Avenue, Rockford, Illinois. Open house was kept afternoon and evening. One hundred and seventy friends and neighbors called to congratulate them on the happy occasion. Mr. Henderson was born in Scotland and came with his parents to Canada in 1841 where they remained two years before coming to the Argyle Settlement. They located on a farm near Caledonia, Illinois. Mrs. Henderson, who was Miss Ellen Ralston, was born in Watertown, Ohio, in 1843, coming to Illinois in 1850. They were married October 2, 1863 at Rockford and lived on their farm near Caledonia until fourteen years ago when they retired to Rockford. Of the families of Argyle Settlement, they were the first to celebrate sixty years of married life. They have been blessed in basket and store and it is the wish of their many friends that their remaining years will be full of joy and happiness.

The Scotch weddings were proverbly large. How they accommodated such large gatherings in the old-fashioned house was a wonder, but where there is a will there is a way. Dr. Easton, a former pastor, performed a number of marriage ceremonies during his pastorate. He said that he did not know when the young people did their courting as he never saw them keeping company in public. At parties and weddings, when the young people were forbidden to dance to instrumental music, they would sing to their plays and dances. The following are the names of some of the plays. "I wonder where Maria's gone," "Pumpkin pie," "The needle's eye," "Sailing on the boat when the tide runs high," "Happy is the miller who lives by the mill," "Come on my dearest partner," "Pop goes the weasel," and the "Wild goose chase."

New Year's Day was the principal holiday in the colony,

when old and young shook hands and wished all a Happy New Year and many a' them. It was a hearty hand-shake, not like the formal pump handle shakes we now sometimes get. They would call on their friends and neighbors and sometimes there would be a rivalry who would be the first foot, or caller. Extra cooking and baking was prepared by the good-hearted house-wives. There was Scotch shortbread, currant bun and grandma's cookies of all kinds, home-made wine, cider and lemonade for the young people, and a "Wee Douch and Doris before ye gang awa' " for the old people. It was a time of good cheer and old and young were happy.

In the early days the women would card and spin the wool into yarn for family use. All the socks, stockings, and mittens were knit by hand. The yarn was also used for making cloth, such as blankets and shawls. Listen, you who are old enough to remember. Can you hear the hum of the old spinning wheel, and the whurr of the reel as your mother, wife, or sister spins for the family? She sings as she spins. The spinning was timed to the song and as the last thread was wound on the spindle, the song was finished. It was the song of home life and contentment, sweeter by far than the noise of the factory we hear in modern days.

The pioneer days were days of toil and hardships, yet they had a bright side. The pioneers were all striving to gain homes of their own which was something that they were not likely to gain if they had stayed in their native land. They were all as one family. They would borrow and lend, and what one had they all had. There was something cheerful and cozy about the old open fire-place. On the long winter evenings the neighbors would "calie" or visit each other. The young people would romp in their games and the older people would crack about the homeland and the friends they had parted with in Scotland.

FIRST PICNIC

The first Fourth of July picnic and celebration held in the settlement was in 1861. It was held at the west side of Robert Howie's grove, not far from the site of the old log school. D. C. Ralston was president and George Picken was the marshal of the day. The speaker of the day was a lawyer from Rockford. The speakers of local talent were James Ferguson and Mathew Howie. Mr. Ferguson's address was of a comic nature and was enjoyed by all. Mr. Howie's address was greatly appreciated, as the community was not aware that they had a young Demosthenes in their midst. He impressed the audience with his eloquence. It was through the influence of Reverend T. G. Smith, who was pastor at that time, that Mr. Howie was brought out as a public speaker. This was his first effort and it paved the way to his becoming a successful minister of the gospel. The choir of young people, under the direction of George Greenlee and Robert Harvey, gave several selections. The opening number was an anthem, entitled "Santas Hosanna" which was well received. Long tables were set under the trees where a sumptuous dinner was served.

The following year, 1862, the Fourth of July celebration was held at the east side of Mr. Howie's grove near the road just south of the church. These were Civil War times and the martial spirit was in evidence. The young men who had joined the home guards met at the training grounds at Argyle and marched to the picnic grounds led by the fife and drum band. Mr. Burdick played the fife, John Lockey the snare drum. The latter afterwards became a drum major in the regular army. Henry Ralston played the bass drum and Harvey Gregory carried the stars and stripes. The boys made a fine appearance in their blue blouse uniforms with brass buttons. Some of the young men afterwards joined the regular army and gave their lives for their country. The committee.

John Thompson, Neuell Joslin, and William Harvey, made a barrel of lemonade, which was free for every one. There was no fruit or confectionery for sale on the grounds, but it made no difference as the young people had little money to spend those days and were happy just the same. That evening there was a wedding in the settlement, and some of the young people were invited to be present. The young couple were Jane Greenlee and John Smith, of Winnebago. The young people, who were not at the wedding thought they would have a good time in the evening at the picnic grounds. Using planks they made a platform on the ground. The Watterson and Ralston boys furnished the music. Reverend R. G. Smtih was the pastor at that time and was at the wedding. When he came home, he found the young people having a dance. He went among them and tried to stop them. It was said that some of the girls swung him around a few times, and he was glad to retire to the manse. Dancing was considered at that time to be a breach of the peace.

ARGYLE CREAMERY

On December 1, 1884 a meeting was called to take into consideration the organizing of a stock company creamery at Argyle, Illinois. It was decided that the capital stock would be forty-five hundred dollars, being ninety shares at fifty dollars per share. They applied to the Secretary of State for a charter. A charter and license was granted to Hugh Andrew, George Picken, and John R. McDonald as commissioners. At a meeting held December 20, 1884, the following officers were elected; president, J. C. Tripp; vice-president, David Andrew; directors, James Greenlee, Sr., Robert Henderson, Joseph Whalen, Charles Brown, John Sullivan, and Hugh Andrew. The creamery manufactured the "Sweet Heather" brand of butter. On September 25, 1917, the Argyle Creamery plant and dwelling house was sold to the Union Dairy Company, of Rockford, Illinois, for

two thousand five hundred dollars, cash. On February 8, 1918, a special meeting of the stockholders of the company was held in Argyle Hall and the stockholders were paid their stock with liberty bonds. The president and secretary were authorized to take legal steps to dissolve the company. List of the officers of Argyle Creamery Company from the time it was organized in 1884 until it was sold to the Union Dairy Company of Rockford, Illinois, October 1, 1917.

President	Vice-President	Secretary	Treasurer
J. C. Tripp	David Andrew	Charles Andrew	Charles Andrew
William Brown	William Brown	John McDonald	Thomas Andrew
	D. G. Harvey	C. H. Thornton	
D. G. Harvey	Andrew Smith	Archie McCradie	
		Walter Wallace	

Managers and butter makers were John McDonald, Mathew Ralston, C. H. Thornton, Archie McCraedie, Mark Clark, William Harvey, Archie McCorvie, Wendell Pearson, and Robinson McCorvie. The directors were John Sullivan, C. T. Brown, Thomas Greenlee, James Greenlee, Jr., John Andrew, Albert Griffith, James C. Greenlee, John A. Kelley, E. B. Reid, and George Brown.

To the young people who are the decendants of the pioneers:

It is for your benefit that I have tried to gather up the facts of the pioneer days, that they may not be lost and forgotten. It was for you they toiled and suffered, that they might gain a home in this new land. You have been left a goodly heritage, both temporal and spiritual. Conditions have greatly changed since the pioneer days. There have been great improvements along every line. There is so much to take our minds away from the serious side of life, not that I would put anything in the way of your innocent enjoyment, that I plead with you to stand by the principles laid down by your ancestors in regard to the church and the Sabbath. The pioneers of the Argyle Settlement and the founders of the church have gone

to their reward. There are now only a few in life who were the boys and girls of the pioneer days. We cherish their memory as true citizens of their adopted country, and strong pillars in this new land of God, for home, and for humanity. Let us all be faithful to the heritage God has given us through our ancestors, remembering that unto whom much is given, of the same much shall be required. If in the years to come, young people who may read of the Argyle Settlement in history and story will be led to think more of their country, more of their home, and more of the church, then we will all feel that this writing has not been in vain.

D. G. HARVEY.

CHAPTER XI

WAR SPARK SET OFF MORE THAN TEN YEARS AGO

It was more than ten years ago that occurred the incident which caused the greatest war of all time. On June 28, 1914, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were shot and instantly killed by a student named Gavrilo Prinzip in Sarajevo, Bosnia. The murder of the Archduke, who was heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, was laid to a plot by Serbia, which wished to annex Bosnia, and following Serbia's failure to apologize to Austria-Hungary, as demanded in a forty-eight-hour ultimatum, the whole of Europe, nation by nation, was plunged into the war.

On May 7, 1915 the Lusitania, a British ship carrying American passengers, was sunk without warning off the coast of Ireland by a German submarine. This was the cause of a great loss of life and was the beginning of hostilities between the United States and Germany. On the thirty-first of January, 1917, Germany announced ruthless submarine warfare. Following this the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany. April second and fourth, Congress

and the Senate passed resolutions on and President Wilson, Commander in chief of the U. S. Army and Navy, declared war between the United States and Germany. April seventeenth Congress passed a seven billion war bond, also the conscription bill. On May 4, 1917, the first squadron of the U. S. Navy reached England. Conscription registration day in the states was on June 5, 1917. The American marines reached the front at Chateau Thierry, June 2, 1918.

Following the declaration of war between the United States and Germany the Chamber of Commerce, of Rockford, Ill., sent a committee to Washington, D. C., to present their claim for a United States training camp to be located near Rockford, Illinois. In this they were successful and the name given was Camp Grant. It was located between Rockford and the village of New Milford. The United States Government leased four thousand acres of land for camp purposes. Later they leased three thousand acres for a rifle range. The first troops came to Camp Grant in June, 1917. Approximately one million men were trained and discharged through Camp Grant. At one time there were seven thousand mules and forty-five hundred artillery horses at the camp. The camp cost approximately fourteen million, five hundred thousand dollars to built and in 1923 the U. S. Government gave over Camp Grant to the State of Illinois for a training camp for the State guards on condition that in the event of another war, it was to be returned to the United States Government for the use of the regular army. The Illinois Legislature has appropriated $225,000, to erect suitable buildings for the use of the State Guards.

THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER

The eleventh of November nineteen hundred and eighteen,
Was the happiest day on record,
That the world had ever seen.
If you search back in your memory,
I think that you will find,

It was this most eventful day
The armistice was signed.
How we waited, how we listened
For the deep toned whistle's blast,
That would tell us war had ended
And sweet peace would reign at last.
And when at last we heard it,
We went out in the night.
And the sun rose in its glory,
And again it sank from sight,
Ere we ceased our wild thanksgiving
That Fate had been so kind.
And at last the war had ended
And the armistice was signed.

LOLA D. SHERMAN,
Rockford, November 10, 1919.

The following interesting clippings and letters are of young men who served in the World War and are friends or relatives of the families mentioned in the Argyle Settlement in History and Story.

From The Register-Gazette

LANGWILL SLAIN AT HEAD OF HIS MEN

Killed by machine gun fire at the head of his men was the fate of Major William G. Langwill of Rockford, an account of which is given in a letter to the Major's widow from Capt. L. C. Beebe, adjutant of the 30th infantry.

"I was adjutant of the 30th regiment," Captain Beebe says, "during the entire Argonne-Meuse action and knew Major Langwill very well. He was in command of the third battalion, 30th infantry, when we entered into the Argonne action. The second and third battalions made the initial attack against the Bois de Cunel and Madeleine Farm, two very strong enemy positions, and took and cleared both of the enemy.

Beyond, the northern edge of the Bois de Cunel, out in the open, was a well defended system of trenches. Our entire resources were used in taking these trenches. Needless to say, the air was filled with bursting shrapnel, high explosives and machine gun bullets, particularly the latter. Major Langwill was well in advance, too far up for the safety of a battalion commander, directing operations in connection with this attack, when he was killed by machine gun fire.

"Speaking as the adjutant of this command and knowing that I voice the sentiments of the others who knew him, we were deeply grieved over the loss of an excellent officer and a thorough gentleman, one who was respected and admired by the entire regiment.

"Major Langwill was buried on the hill just south of the village of Cunel near the place where he met his death."

Major Langwill was the son of J. S. Langwill of this city and passed his early life here. His widow resides in Aurora. They have an infant daughter whom Major Langwill never saw.

From The Morning Star

MAJOR LANGWILL GIVES HIS LIFE TO CAUSE OF LIBERTY

The nobility of death in victorious action for the cause of liberty has been conferred on Major William G. Langwill of the 30th Infantry, Third Division, who is reported killed in battle in France on October 4, according to a telegram from the war department at Washington which was received yesterday by his father, James S. Langwill of 1413 West State Street.

Major Langwill began his military career ten years ago, when he was commissioned lieutenant in the United States regular army. He was first assigned to Fort Sheridan and then was assigned to the Phillippines, where he spent a number of years. He served on the Mexican border and the fol-

lowing year was detailed as professor of military science and tactics at Iowa State College, from which he was graduated. Later he was sent to Fort Snelling as instructor in the officers' training camp. From there he was assigned to command at Flat River, Mo. In January of 1918 he was sent to Camp Greene, North Carolina, and in April was assigned to the 30th Infantry, which sailed for France in that month.

Deceased was born in Glasgow, Scotland, thirty-seven years ago. His widow is at present with her parents in Aurora. His name heads the honor roll of the First Presbyterian church of Rockford. The fallen soldier was a knightly gentleman, who was clean and loyal in every relation of his spotless life. None knew him but to respect him as one of the finest of the splendid types of manhood serving under the Stars and Stripes.

"The fittest place where man can die in where he dies for man."

STATEMENT OF WAR SERVICE IN WAR 1914-1918.

Entered 2nd Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, Aug. 27, 1917. Was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Signal Corps, U. S. Army, Nov. 16, 1917. Spent seven weeks in Signal School at Little Silver, N. J.

Sailed from New York for Liverpool, England, January 13, 1918 and landed Jan. 21, 1918. Landed at LeHavre, France, January 25, 1918. Served with artillery till Armistice was signed then had charge of Signal Corps construction in Bordeaux area and later turned over the Signal Corps property in this area to the French Army.

Was promoted to Captain, May 15, 1919, and sailed from Brest, Aug. 30, 1919, landing in New York, Sept. 10, 1919 after 20 months service with the American Expeditionary Forces.

I was discharged from the army Sept. 12, 1919.

Just before sailing I obtained a two weeks leave which I spent in Scotland and England. Most of this time was spent in and around Campbeltown in the country known as Kintyre.

STUART A. RALSTON.

Dec. 28, 1919.

Glen Ralston enlisted March 25, 1918 in the coast defence and was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for training. From there he was sent to Fort Scott, San Francisco, California and was later sent overseas. While in France he was connected with the first Army Corps Artillery. He was discharged at Camp Grant, March 25, 1919.

Lester Segerlund enlisted March 25, 1918 and was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. His company was on board the transport ready to go overseas when peace was declared. He was discharged and arrived home January 1, 1919.

The young men who enlisted in the Students' Training School were Welcome Andrew, in the Radio school at Evanston, Illinois, Elvin Brown, Robert Cummings, and Harold Houser at the University of Champaign, Illinois. Abner Armour enlisted in the Students' Training School at Ames, Iowa.

Willie Kelley, of Manchester, who was in class one, selective draft, was sent to Camp Hancock, Georgia, for training. His company was sent to Camp Custer where he was discharged. He arrived home Sunday morning, December 29, 1918.

JAMES R. GREENLEE WRITES LETTER OF HIS ADVENTURES

Argyle Soldier Has Many Narrow Escapes On Battle Fronts Of France.

"James R. Greenlee of Argyle, has written his sister of that village from Weiburn, Germany, telling of his experiences in France. He is a member of company M, 39th infantry, A. E. F. Extracts of his letter follows:

Weibern, Germany.

"Dear Sister: I got five letters a few days ago and a day or two afterward got four more.

"I had to change places again as another company took over some of our buildings. I am in a good place, only haven't a bed but a mattress on the floor. I am in the same building as the mail clerk and there are plenty of fellows in to see if there is any mail for them, or else coming in to mail their letters. Quite a few are sending souvenirs home now. Some are sending helmets that they have carried for a long time.

"I never answered that information blank you sent a while ago. There are some fellows writing the history of the 39th and I have been waiting until I could see one of them, but they have not finished yet, so I will give some dope now and if I get a hold of the history I will try and copy some of it.

ENLISTED OCT. 4, 1917

"I entered Camp Grant October 4, 1917, left Camp Grant for Camp Greene, March 6, 1918, and left for overseas May 10th, arriving May 23, 1918. The name of the ship was the Lenape. The division trained at Camp Greene. The date of the first battle we were in, that is we were in the front lines those day, July 18, 19, and 20, the Marne counter offensive (with the 6th French army). The second dates are August 4, 5, 6 on the Chateau Thierry front on the Vesle river.

IN ARGONE BATTLE

"The third battle, September 26, 27, 28, and 29, in the Argonne Forest, and October 8, 9, 10 and 12 at the same place, as we had to relieve the outfit that was on the front. During the time between the last two dates we were held in reserve just back of the lines, but still under shell fire.

"If I get hold of that history I will try and send some of it home. I didn't keep anything but dates. We started on the march into Germany, November 19 or 20th, I don't remember

which. I don't know much of anything to write unless I tell of one of the hottest places I was in on the afternoon of August 5th. The platoon I belonged to went over the top with some other companies. We had nearly forty men when we started and the next morning when they got the company assembled there were only fourteen of the platoon there to report and only three of the squad I was in. A lot got wounded and quite a few were killed. I always think I came out of it mighty lucky although I have had lots of just as close calls at other times. I am wondering if you have received the field glasses I sent when I was on my pass. I never got that box you said you sent me through Marshall Field's from Paris. Maybe it got broken and somebody just helped themselves. I just bought a three mark piece. It is about the size of our half dollars, a little bigger. They don't use silver any more only paper, as they were supposed to turn in all the gold and silver.

IRON CROSSES CHEAP

"When we first came into Germany the boys commenced buying iron crosses and paying big prices for them but now we can buy them in the stores for about a fourth of what they started to pay for them."

Mr. J. R. Greenlee arrived at Camp Grant, Illinois, August 12th and was discharged the following day, August 13, 1919.

MAC MAKES HIS FIRST FLIGHT ALONE

"Wilbur H. McEachran, formerly of The Star now in the aviation training at Mount Clemens, Mich., had his first experience flying the other day.

"In a letter to local friends, he tells of his first flight as follows:

"I went up a couple of times with our major Saturday morning and handled the levers without a hitch, making a half dozen landings. When we came down the last time the

major said, 'Now take her up alone.'

"Well, I went up about 2,000 feet and turned around alright and began to feel better. I don't know just how high I was, but I just took a chance in landing and my judgment was o. k., for I cut off my motor at just the right spot. The landing is just like the motion of a bird and I hardly felt the bump when pulling up on the ground. I'm slated to go up 2,500 feet Wednesday morning if the air currents are right."

WINS COMMISSION

"Wilbur McEachran, son of Mrs. Sarah McEachran, 939 North Court street, has won a commission as a lieutenant in the flying section of the aviation corps at Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La. After another month he will be granted a ten-day furlough before a transfer is made."

LT. WILBUR M'EACHRAN ARRIVED HOME TUESDAY

"Lieutenant Wilbur H. McEachran, son of Mrs. Sarah McEachran, 939 North Court street, arrived home last night from an eastern camp, having received his discharge from the army after nearly two years of service. Lieut. McEachran entered the service on June 16, 1917, being assigned to the signal corps, later entering the aviation service. He went to France in March, 1918, and was stationed at Orly, from which place he took planes to the front. Lieut. McEachran was circulation manager for The Star for several years before entering the service."

McEACHRAN DISCHARGED

"Private T. E. McEachran, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McEachran, 1317 Harlem boulevard, has been discharged from the service. He enlisted in August, 1918, entering the Harrison Technical school for mechanics in Chicago. After completing his course there he was sent to Fort Sheridan."

WORK IN FRANCE IS DESCRIBED BY D. C. RALSTON

Caledonia Boy Says That The Hardest Things Have Been Overcome.

"Mrs. J. R. Ralston of Caledonia, has received a very interesting letter from her son, D. C. Ralston, Co. C. 307th Field Signal Battalion, with the American Ex. Forces. The letter follows:

"I received mother's letter dated September 1st, today, along with one from Aunt Mary. They were both good letters and I enjoyed getting them. Home news certainly is a fine tonic for a soldier. Not that I am sick or homesick, but there is always that happy desire of getting home. I am writing home at least once a week unless work interferes. I do not think I missed very many. You should get mail from me at least every two or three weeks in most cases. Of course there are times here when the mail doesn't get out to our division for days. Then it goes to the base censor and finally to the ships. Ships don't sail every day with mail so the speed is slow. It might be improved, in my opinion. Our mail always comes in bunches.

"I am still feeling fine. Have had some real army life lately, but it left me as good as ever. I can sleep any place, in any position now. Recently I rode sixteen hours in a truck with a couple of sandwiches for a meal the entire trip. Landed in a village at 3 a. m. Hiked for an hour and found ourselves in a big forest. Here we fell out for the remainder of the night, or morning, as it was about four or four thirty. I just put on my overcoat, lay on the ground and was soon having a good sleep. It is cold over here in the nights, but it didn't bother me at all. I never take my clothes off unless we are back on rest. My shoes and leggins I generally get off, however.

"Our organizatoin has a mighty fine lot of fellows. A

bunch hard to beat. Their friendship means much and I would hate to leave them. One of the fellows has just been sent to officers' training over here. His name is Roberts and he lives in Madison. His father worked for the C. & N. W. and often came to Caledonia. He was a line foreman and I think father probably knew him.

"I would like to be home and see your chickens and also have a nice dinner of one or two or more. Sometimes I think I could eat a good many. Eggs I get once in a while. In fact, a week ago today I had plenty of eggs. I am sure it won't be as long before I can get a real home meal as it has been since I left. It will soon be one year. Short, yet long, happy, yet sad; eventful and educational, a wonderful experience; something not to be forgotten. One of dark, but now the brightest of all four years for the allies. We have overcome the hardest things and are now going on in quick and powerful strides. Germany is doomed. We are the victors and before many months the final battle will be fought. The U. S. is a late entry but a strong factor at the wire.

"Did you ever get the shell I sent home? I mailed it in August sometime. It should be there by now."

DOINGS IN FRANCE ARE DESCRIBED BY L. W. PENNIMAN

Tells Of Passing Between German And British Lines In Dense Fog.

"Dr. and Mrs. David B. Penniman, 1242 North Main street, have received an interesting letter from their son, Sergeant L. W. Penniman, who is with Motor Truck Co. 369, an emergency outfit in active service. The letter is as follows:

"My Dear folks:

"The news has been so good of late that I feel as though it was nearly time to fatten up the calf. We, meaning the A. E. F., are all wonderfully optimistic and predict a quick termination of the affair. With the others, I am wondering how

long it will be after the fighting is over until they start sending us home. Of course, I don't know anything about it, but I somehow feel that next year at this time mother will be sounding reveille for me.

"For awhile I envied the fellows of my old company who stayed in the states, for practically all of them received commissions in some branch of the service. Now, however, that things are going so nicely I rather feel sorry for them, as they will never get a chance to see any action. I doubt if many of them will even get over there. Against their commissions I have seen something of all the fighting that has been going on since last spring. As I have explained in some of my previous letters, we are a reserve outfit. In fact, we are known as The Mallet Reserves, and we go wherever there is an emergency. It was in the performance of our duty that I was up where the Germans first tried to break through this last spring. We went between the German's and the English lines at one time. We didn't know it, however, and evidently the Germans didn't either. While we were there we heartily cursed a dense fog that made it almost impossible to see. Little did we know what it was doing for us. We found out later and took back everything.

YANKS AT CHATEAU THIERRY

"I was at the gas attack that the Germans started their second offensive with and I helped to evacuate the towns in the path of the advance. Several times we pulled out one side of a town as the advance guards of the enemy were coming in the other. I know very well how discouraging it is to keep retreating and retreating. When things looked pretty blue the Marines stepped in at Chateau Thierry and blocked the advance. You can't imagine what a thrill it gave us to hear that the Americans had turned the trick. To have it turned at all was a wonderful boost, but to have it done by the 'Yanks' was the phsychological thing. Everybody had been waiting

to see how they would be and they were better than the best. We had been telling the French we are with to wait until our men got in the line, that they would stay with the best, and how our assertions were proved you well know. Then when they began to push the Boche back everybody picked up marvelously. You could see and feel the change everywhere. All the allies seemed to feel that help was really at hand and went at things with renewed energy and courage. We had to work most awfully hard to keep things up with the advance, but we were only too willing to do that.

"Since that second advance we have been rolling most all the time, that is, the camions were, for we had to run the men in shifts as nobody could have stood the pace all the time. The camions would come in and the relief would climb on and away we would go. Now we are having a comparatively quiet time and we most certainly do need it to fix up the trucks, which were pretty well run down.

"In the work I have been on almost every sector on the western front for a time at least, so I know practically all of the country that is being or was fought over as well as I know the country around Rockford. I believe I know some of it better, for I had to go over a lot of it in the dark, without the sign of a light.

"The whole thing has been a wonderful experience and I wouldn't have missed it for anything, but I am perfectly willnig to have old Bill cave in any time and I look for it any time. It is to my mind only a question of having good weather for a little while longer and they will be playing 'Yankee Doodle' under the Linden, and 'Homeward Bound' for an encore."

LAWRENCE W. PENNAMAN.

Thomas J. Ralston enlisted in Company K, 131 Infantry and was in training at Camp Houston, Texas. May first he went with his company to France, was gassed at the front and

was sent to a hospital in France. He later recovered and was sent back to his Company K, 129 Infantry, A. E. F. on the Rhine, Germany. The following letter was received by his father:

On active service American Red Cross with the
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
U. S. Base Hospital 89, November 22, 1918.

Dear Father:

If I wrote all that happened to me since I wrote the last time it would take quite a few sheets of paper so I won't do that. I guess I did not write when I first went up on the Verdun front. We were there when the drive started but did not go over the first morning. That morning was as pretty a sight as I ever saw when the barrage opened up before daylight. It sounded as though there were around a million guns fro mthe racket that was raised, one steady roar, couldn't even tell when a battery of 75's next to us was going off. Our artillery had Heinie smothered alright, as at the place where we were only three shells came back. As for fire works it put it all over any Fourth celebration, the flash of the guns and exploding shells. By daylight the prisoners started coming back, big bunches of them with one guard in front and one behind. Generally the guards were wounded men. There was some activity in the air also, both sides having all their balloons up and hundreds of planes, machine gunning, bombing, and burning balloons. I saw many a plane brought down that day in flames, some weren't on fire, and battled single and in squadrons. The ground among the German trenches was all torn up and the trenches caved in. These trenches were the first ones that I saw that looked like anything I once pictured a trench should be. They had board walks, wire netting on the side to hold the dirt, and sand bagged parapets. The machine gun implacements were of concrete. Several pill boxes were hid in good places, and they were hid too as you

didn't see them until on top of them. Fritz believes in having deep dugouts too, and many of them, most of them being about thirty feet. I have been in the British and French fronts. The British will make anything do for shelter and the French had the daintiest system of trenches and dugouts of any. We would use anything for shelter and if it had three or four feet of dirt on top feel safe and lots better than in deep places. When one gets out of a deep hole he has more dread of getting under fire than where he is nearly all the time. The Germans are thorough and had the stuff to fight with. Their narrow gage railroads ran to the hills just in back of their front lines and all their artillery was supplied that way. We captured ammunition and guns of all kinds from machine to an eighteen inch howitzer. The guns, of course, had the breach blocks blown off. We also got hold of a lot of fine instruments for range finding, etc. A hospital that we got hold of had a great supply of medical material. Some officers must have lived good as a big pen of rabbits was left behind which made fine fresh meat. During a drive like that nothing could move on the roads except ammunition trucks and ambulances, so the rolling kitchens were left away at the rear and we lived on our emergency rations for a good many days. The woods and hills that we went through and over took a lot of hard work but we did it. We were stationed for a few days along the Meuse River while waiting for the line to be brought up on one of our flanks and while there we got everything Fritz had. A little valley that we were in, he flooded with gas and shells. When we started again we crossed the River and took hills on the other side. I got mine this time and had to be evacuated and after several days came down here which is practically the geographical center of France.

It don't look as though I will be staying here very long and where the next I land I don't know. This is your Christmas letter if it is two or three days early. I am going to send

it home as you will get it just as soon and maybe faster than if I sent it up where you are working. There is no need of your writing after you get this as I don't think it will be long before starting back home and if it is I can stand it a while longer. I wish you a merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your son,
THOMAS.

Corp. Thos. J. Ralston
Co. K. 129th Inf. A. E. F.

Hugh T. Andrew, who was in class one, selective draft, was called to report at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, May 25, 1918. From there he was sent to Camp Custer, Michigan, from there to a training camp in Florida, and later was sent overseas. His work in the army was driving an ammunition supply truck at the front. He experienced active service in France, Belgium, and Germany. He arrived at Camp Grant, August 10, and was discharged.

Rhol, Germany.
December 4, 1918.

Dear Mother,

It has been about one week or ten days since I have written and I have been travelling most of the time. I just found out the other day that any of our mail hasn't gone out since the letter I wrote on November 12, so if you don't get my letters regular you will know why. I sent a lot of Christmas cards on the twenty-sixth of November. You ought to get them at Christmas time alright. When we first reached France we stayed at Brest three days, then got on the train and rode for six days and nights till we reached Souilly. We got on trucks and rode about one hour, then got off in a woods and camped for the night. It rained all that night. In the morning we moved a little further and camped for about three or four days. We got twenty-five trucks, two-ton Pierce Arrows. We moved back to Souilly the next day. Spent two or three

days oiling and greasing the trucks. Then we started in working and have been at it ever since. We hauled ammunition till the last week of the war. We would load our trucks in the day time with ammunition then at night we would go up to the guns with our load. We have been within a quarter of a mile of the German front line. We have been under shell fire, gun shells, rifle fire, and fired on from airplanes, but I haven't been touched with any kind of shells or rifle fire. We had to drive without lights and there were some of the blackest nights I was ever out in. We always travelled in convoys. Sometimes we had thirty or more trucks in a train. We have been out as high as sixty hours with only five hours sleep and only two meals in all that time. But there were not many times we were out that long. I can tell you more about it when I get home. We stayed at Souilly about two months, then moved to Suhesme LeGrand. We stayed there about one week then moved to Monzaville, stayed there about two or three weeks, then to Romange. We were there on November 11, and you ought to have heard the yelling when the news come in that the war was over. It started away up the line and came down. We could hear it for quite a while before we knew what it was all about. When we heard what it was we yelled too and passed it on. We left Romange around the twentieth and last night was the first time I slept under a roof. I slept on the seat of the truck all that time. It was just the right length and I slept fine and warm. From there we went to Longwy, France, stayed there a couple of days then moved to Lintgen in Luxembourg. We crossed the boundary line between France and Belgium and into Luxembourg all in the same day. Stayed at Lintgen a few days. Then we moved to Berdorf and stayed there a few days. Myself and two other trucks left there on the second of December and have been travelling about all over Germany since, looking for gasoline. We crossed the line at Echter-

nack, Luxembourg. We have travelled about 150 miles and are going to start out this morning, December 5, and go to Trier to see if we can get some there. The gas cars seem to change their routes after we start but we can't get word of it until we reach the place we were told to go and get it. You said in one of your letters that you had a map of the battle front. If you have find Verdun, then you can find Souilly and get some idea where we were while we were still fighting. We have been in most all the little towns that were captured and most of them you would hardly know that there was a town there, nothing but a few walls standing, all shot to pieces. Our destination in Germany is Coblence. I think that is the way to spell it. From there I think we go home but I don't know. Do you know if Jim or Tom are going through Germany? I am having the best trip of my life and never felt better in my life. They say I am getting fat.

Goodbye,

HUGH T. ANDREW,
Motor Truck Co. No. 451,
Motor Supply Train No. 415,
A. E. F.

Kenneth McKay of Delhi, Minnesota, enlisted in the regular army; after training several months was sent overseas and was eighteen months in service. He was wounded on the left arm at the battle of Chateau Thierry, on the Vesle River. He was reported by the government as missing. Later his father received word that he was in a hospital in France. He went over the top with his company taking the railroad supply station from the Huns at Vesle Valley or River. He was discharged at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, January 16, 1919.

Reverend John Achison, pastor of the Willow Creek Church, Argyle, Illinois, enlisted in Y. M. C. A. transport work. He was granted one year's leave of absence by the

church and left for New York, October 1, 1918. Reverend Achison was assigned to the transport U. S. S. S. Henderson and sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, with soldier boys bound for Brest, France. They arrived there about the time the Armistice was signed. Reverend Achison made two trips across with the transport The Henderson returning to New York about April first finishing a six month's service in the Y. M. C. A. work overseas.

Walter Ralston of Manchester, enlisted and was with the 23rd Engineers in France. The following letter was received by his mother and sisters, dated November 23, Vrain Court, France. The letter is taken from a newspaper clipping.

Mrs. Ralston and daughters of this place recently received this interesting letter from Walter Ralston, who is with the 23rd engineers in France.

Vrain Court, France,
December 23, 1918.

Dear Mother and Sisters:

This is Sunday again and I will write a few lines. Our letters are not censored quite so rigidly now, and we are allowed to write things we could not think of writing before, so I will try to make this letter a little more interesting. Since the last of July until the armistice was signed we were in the advance zone all the time and many times were ahead of the heavy artillery, with both American and German shells flying over our heads. The noise and confusion would be hard to imagine. The Chateau Theirry was really the start of the last big offensive and from that time on the Germans retreated. We were in that drive from start to finish and I saw many things I will never forget. Quentin Roosevelt fell but a short distance from us and I sent you a strip of the plane of his machine. We camped right beside "Big Bertha" emplacements. To see so many dead soldiers lying where they fell in trenches and piles of fallen stone from wrecked buildings and

dead horses hitched to wagons and heavy guns is an awful sight.

"Our company hauled stone and bridge material up to the front, also rations and a good many times brought the wounded back. We did a lot of work at night. The Germans would shell the road in the day time and we had to fix them up at night. We were protected all the time by our artillery and though the enemy tried their best to drive us away, our guns were always more than a match for them. When the objective was reached and the French took over that sector we left and we came here to the Champagne sector, a short way from Verdun. We were the first American truck company here and have credit for doing some good work. We worked in twenty-four hour shifts building roads for the big guns as they can't travel on poor roads. One morning when things were already we brought up troops and saw them take positions in front of the big seventy-fives which were stretched across the fields as far as we could see. The drive started and we saw the boys go over the top and later we began bringing back the wounded. Our big trucks never stopped. For days at a time we hauled up supplies and carried back the wounded. It was a terrible struggle but the Germans found that they could not stop the Yankees that they made so much fun of and they were driven back. When the news came that the war was won the boys went wild with joy. My work was to keep the trucks in running order, fussing with a bum magneto or carburetor while the shells whistled over my head. With a steel helmet on and my gas mask hanging around my neck and rifle within easy reach, at first I was a little nervous but I soon got used to it for the trucks had to run and that was my business. In the midst of all this came the word of father's sickness and later his death. It was an awful blow but I had to go on as though nothing was wrong at home. I am glad you had so much help from friends and neighbors

and wish you would thank them all for me. I have received many letters and appreciated them, but it is very hard for me to write as we are always moving and for a long time we could not have a light at night. I hope it won't be long before I will be home. There is some talk of our going into Germany, if so, of course it will be longer. This waiting will be the hardest part of the whole thing for me. You will be lonesome at Christmas time and so will I. Before another Christmas we will be together. Keep up your courage and remember even yet you are not so bad off as these poor people over here. Will close for this time with love to all.

WALTER RALSTON,
23rd Engineers.

Ralph Picken, who was attending the University at Urbana, with three of his classmates, enlisted in the U. S. Navy, and took the oath at Peoria, Illinois, November 27, 1917 and was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Station, near Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Picken was selected out of a class of seventy-five and was transferred to Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 18, 1918, for six months training at the Radio Station. Near the close of the war he was employed in a repair ship in Charleston Harbor. He was discharged in February, 1919, being one year in service.

John Francis Picken enlisted January 4, 1918, in the aviation of the signal service. He passed his examination January 5, 1918, as a first class private, a candidate for a commission. He was sent to Ellison Field, Texas, for training and reported May 20, 1918, at Champaign, Illinois. Mr. Picken was qualifying as a bomb dropper at the close of the war. He was mustered out of service and arrived home December 17, 1918.

The following letters were received from Francis and Ralph Picken:

PICKEN BROTHERS WRITE OF WORK IN SOUTHERN CAMPS

"Francis and Ralph Picken, of Argyle, sons of Mr. and Mrs. David Picken, write very interesting letters. Francis Picken is at Ellington Field, Texas, and Ralph is on the U. S. S. Hartford, at Charlestown, S. C.

"The following letter is from Francis Picken:

" 'This week has slipped away pretty fast and up until tonight we have had nice weather, but it rained again last night. The wind is in the north, and it seems to be getting cold, so it may clear up right away. This was my first week of bombing practice and it certainly was interesting work. They have a house with a big lens in the roof that projects the shadow of the ship on a piece of paper, and they mark down a dot every second as you pass over the house, and when the sight is on the house you send down a wireless signal. We have a big class this week so we only go up once a day for about an hour. We go up to 3,000 feet if it isn't too cloudy, and then find the wind, and take its velocity, take the altitude, speed of the ship, and set the sight to compensate for all these things. Then you head for the target and keep the ship straight for it, as well as we can by watching over the sides. When the house gets well under the wings, we have to use the sight in the bottom of the ship and steer our pilot by a pair of lines and signals. When we think our sight is on we press a wireless key and then mark it on a sheet and calculate where our shot would hit. We go over six times for a trip, and there are about seven ships on that stage. When we finish this stage, then we drop bombs on a target instead of pulling a wireless signal. When you are over half a mile up, it is no easy matter to hit it directly, but we don't usually get much further than 100 feet away at any time. The ship has to be kept level. We have to get the wind exactly or we will drift off the course, and we have to know its speed. If we bomb down

through wind and it is blowing 30 miles per hour we are traveling about 100 M. P. H. even in these slow training planes and we have to act quickly. They used to assign us to one pilot for the entire course, but now they are trying out the plan of changing every day. We have a splendid bunch of pilots, except for one or two. We have lost the feeling of uneasiness that we had at first when we were flying, and we feel as much at home as in an auto, except one or two days when it was bumpy, I had an awful seasick feeling. We can be sailing along and hit a bump or airpocket and drop twenty feet, or zoom up. It has a rocking motion like a ship at sea. Another thing that is apt to make one feel punk, if one is inclined that way, is zooming. They dive a little and then go up just as far and as long as they can without killing the engine, and then nose it down and repeat. You get a sensation like the drops at Harlem park only shorter and more complete, and keep it up. A tight spiral when we turn up on edge and go round and round, I don't like, but I will soon get used to them.

'I didn't go to town this afternoon but intend to go tomorrow morning in time to go to church. It is too far out of town to be convenient as it cost 45 cents, and almost an hour's ride. I was always wishing that I could get a few snap pictures to send home, but cameras are not allowed. We can get some pretty pictures above the clouds and it is interesting work flying among them. One of the stages the pilot has to do is cloud flying. They take them up in the air and put a hood over their heads and they can consider they are in clouds and have to fly the ship by the feel.

'It looks like peace might be in sight, but most of us don't expect to get out for quite a while anyway, whether peace or war, for in all probability it will take quite a while to get peace terms adjusted. There are so many countries to be satisfied and such big problems that it may be years before all the de-

tails are worked out.

'When the sun is out it is always warm enough to sweat walking around in the afternoon and although it is damp I haven't had a cold or anything. Last night the water blew in our door, and as our tent floor has a sag in it, we had two inches of water in it. We will have to get busy and build a door as our canvas won't cover it all.

'Monday I also start work on the range with the machine guns mostly, but also with a Springfield rifle and trap shooting. That ought to be interesting work only it is a mile from the tents and that is a long walk, now that I have got good and lazy. We report for flying at 6:30, and we get through about ten, they have about three crews to the ship. We get dinner and report for gunnery at 12:30, get through at three and have drill calesthenics from 3:45 to 4:45, and then supper.' "

"Ralph Picken writes as follows:

" 'My letter for the middle of the week is just a little late. I didn't forget to write one but it wouldn't do any good if I did before today.

'Monday afternoon eight of us who had been working on some of the engines on the U. S. S. Cincinnati, which is a destroyer, went out when she left here. There was some work to be done aboard her when she left, so they took eight of us along. She went up to Norfolk, Va. We expected to come back from there either by ship or train, but we never got there. The Cincinnati is a pretty good ship, and is headed for the other side when she gets a couple more guns mounted on her at Norfolk. I sure wished I could have stayed aboard her. All of us did, but we knew we weren't sent as part of her crew. We had dandy weather and the sea was good all the time.

'I had quite a little mail here when I got back. Papa's letter and one from Francis, besides a few others.

'I got some new clothes this morning, and they have raised the price on them now. I got a pair of shoes and a couple of white hats and some sox, but they cost me about $10. The shoes themselves cost $7 now to draw them. I need a new suit of blues for dress, but I don't know whether to get them or not. The way things look now perhaps I won't have to wear them long. It is pretty hard to tell though just what they are going to do with the navy after the war. I may have to stick with it quite a while, and I may not. It all depends on how bad they need men or rather on the amount of money congress will give them to keep us. Things are beginning to take on a bright aspect on the other side now.

'They say that the quarantine is going to be lifted next Monday."

J. C. Ralston, Jr., enlisted in aviation section of the signal corps and passed his examination January 5, 1918, as a first class private, as candidate for a commission and was called to report May 20, 1918, at Champaign, Illinois. Mr. Ralston was sent to Ellison Field, Texas, for training and was later sent to Camp McArthur, Texas. He was training as a pilot and continued training after peace was declared. He was discharged and arrived home about the tenth of January, 1919.

George R. Barnes, who was in class one, selective draft, was called to report on the twentieth of May, 1918, and went to Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, for training. The company was sent to Camp Custer, Michigan, and later was sent to New York to join the transport for Liverpool. From there they went by rail to Dover, and by boat across the English channel, to France. Mr. Barnes was taken sick and was in the hospital in France for a few months. Later he was sent back to his company and was sent to the front at the time the Armistice was signed. He returned from France on the transport Leviathan, arriving at New York, April 1, coming to Camp Grant, April 10, 1919, and was discharged. The

following letter was received by his father from France, dated November 24, 1918:

November 24, 1918.

"Dear Father:

"This is fathers' day in France and the "Y" is crowded with soldiers this morning writing letters to their respective dads. The censorship is relaxed somewhat and so this morning I am going to tell you everything I have done so far.

We are now in a dirty little village called Domgermain, which is about the size of Rockton. It is located a few miles behind the line, about half way between Metz and Nancy in the Toul Sector. We have been here since the Armistice was signed.

"We left New York on July 22, and landed in Liverpool, August 3. There were about twelve or thirteen ships in our convoy and we were fairly well protected by sub chasers and a few battleships. About the third day out we were awakened one morning about 3 a. m. by a shot fired from our ship. It seems an American submarine came up between our ship and the next one by mistake and before they could give their signal one of our gunners took a shot at them but luckily missed. Of course there was quite a bit of excitement. Then about two days after that, one morning we heard the signal for abandon ship. So as we had been drilled to do we all lined up along the railing with our life preservers and canteens full of water. Previously we each had been assigned to a certain raft or life boat. Between our boat and the next one the sub chasers were surrounding a German submarine. We could feel the ship shake as they sent down the depth bombs. Well, the submarine was sunk alright as they sent the signal over to us afterwards. That was all we saw of the submarine. We had to wear our life preservers at all times and were supposed to sleep with them on too.

"Our ship was called the Minnelkahda and was an English freighter remodeled for transporting American troops. Her previous cargo was a ship load of horses from the States to France.

"The feed on the ship was very poor. It was furnished by the English and was poorly cooked too. There was a canteen on board ship where we could buy chocolate and cookies, so we got along alright.

"We landed in Liverpool and came in by the North Channel. We could see the shores of Scotland but it was very foggy. We stayed in Winchester and Southampton about four days. While there they picked out the boys who didn't have the mumps previously and left them in quarantine. I said I had them so I could stick with the company. Ed. Knipp was left in England in quarantine. England is a very pretty country with hedges around every field. We crossed the English Channel the night of August 6. The night before an English hospital ship was sunk in the channel but we arrived in LeHavre safely. The channel was the most dangerous place of any for subs. Then, on August 8, the doctor said I had the mumps and would have to go to the hospital. That was the last I saw of Holdridge. He is now with the Third Division. I was sent to an English hospital at LeHavre Base 52. I was there five weeks. Then I went to an English rest camp and had a chance to visit LeHavre several times. It is a very pretty city and quite an important sea port. Then I was sent with several other Americans to a classification camp at Eu, a small place near Treport on the English Channel. From there I was sent to another classification camp at St. Dizier by way of Abbeville and Amiens. Those cities were both being bombed and shelled so no trains could enter or leave except in daytime. You know soldiers always travel in box cars in France. The signs read 'Hommes 40 Chevauz 8' which means the car will hold forty men or eight horses.

Those box car rides are not very pleasant to say the least and the trains travel very slowly, too.

"I got back with my company about October 10. At that time they were in central France in a small town called 'Pouilly-Sur-Loire' which means Pouilly on the Loire river. I have sent you several cards of the place. Most of the men had been transferred to the third and fourth divisions and had seen quite a bit of front line service. Then after a week or so we filled up with casuals again and on October 25, started for the front. The Eighty-fifth had previously been a Replacement Division but on October 20 it was changed into a Combat Division. After four long days of riding in a box car we got off the train near Toul and then had a few days of hiking. On November 11, when the Armistice was signed, we were near Thiercourt in reserve a few miles behind the line. That is about half way between Metz and Nancy. So you see the fighting stopped just as we were arriving at the front. About a week ago we were hiked back here to Domgermain. We may be sent up into the Army of Occupation as we are now in the Second Army Corps. But if not we may get home this winter.

"We have been getting fairly good feed most of the time but of course it is sometimes hard to get our supplies up. Corn willy, salmon and beans do get kind of tiresome and I can imagine eating Thanksgiving dinner at home would seem rather nice. Since the Armistice we have been getting more fresh meat and I hope they will continue feeding better.

"We sleep in a French barn now and these cold mornings the only satisfaction we have is that there is plenty of fresh air.

Extracts from other letters:

"We left Domgermain, January 15, and after a four days' ride in a box car arrived in Conlie and hiked to Loire where we are now located. This is in the LeMans area and about twenty miles from Le Mans. We expect to leave here for

Brest soon. We are living in an old barn again. The last few weeks in Domgermain we lived in a chateau about 500 years old. It was a fine building when new.

"We passed through Normandy which is one of the French states. It is about the prettiest part of France I have seen.

"There are quite a few stock farms in this part of France which used to sell horses to American importers.

"The people around here are a lot nicer and cleaner than those up near the line. They all seem more prosperous, too.

"We were received by Gen. Pershing yesterday and the division passed a good review.

Extracts:

"We stayed a week in Brest and embarked on the Leviathan, March 26, and landed in Hoboken, April 2. The Leviathan is the largest ship afloat and was captured from the Germans at the beginning of the war. It is a beautiful ship inside. There were about twelve thousand troops aboard besides a crew of over two thousand. We were first sent to Camp Dix and stayed there a week. Then we were sent to Camp Grant and discharged April 14, 1919."

The following is a newspaper clipping:

GEORGE R. BARNES SUCCUMBS AFTER LENGTHY ILLNESS

Veteran of World War Dies at Rockford Hospital From Overseas Infection.

"George R. Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barnes, residing on a farm two miles south of Roscoe, died at Rockford hospital at 2:30 this morning from complications arising from trench mouth, a disease familiar to overseas veterans. Shock, following an operation at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon is believed to have hastened his death.

"Barnes spent a month in a French hospital suffering with trench mouth and returned to this country for discharge apparently cured. Last July he became ill again. Physicians at Mayo Brothers hospital, Rochester, Minn., diagnosed the case as a renewal of the disease and he returned here for treatment. Last Tuesday his brother, Ralph Barnes, submitted to an operation for the transfusion of a quart of blood from his veins into those of his brother in an effort to save the brother's life.

"Another transfusion was considered, but the world war veteran succumbed before it could be accomplished.

"George R. Barnes was born in Argyle, November 30, 1895, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barnes. He graduated from Rockford High school with the class of 1914. On May 25, 1918, he went to Camp Grant and was transferred to the 338th Infantry for eight months. He is a member of Walter R. Craig post, American Legion.

"Deceased is survived by his bereaved parents and a brother Ralph Barnes. No funeral arrangements had been made early this morning but it is believed the local Legion post will assist in the funeral services by furnishing a firing squad, pall bearers and escort of honor."

Ralph Barnes was called in selective draft September 22, 1917 and reported at Camp Grant October 1. Later he was honorably discharged.

Carl Ralston joined the aviation corps and was in training at the field near Champaign, Illinois. He was taken with a severe cold and pneumonia and had to abandon aviation work. Later he enlisted in the regular army in the Quartermasters Division. He was at New York on the way to France with his company when peace was declared. Later he was in camp at Washington, D. C., before being discharged.

Wendell Pearson, son of Reverend M. L. Pearson, a former pastor of the Willow Creek church, enlisted with the

Chicago University unit in the ambulance corps and was sent to France. Later he joined the Quartermasters Division in the regular army.

Arthur Pearson was with the army in Y. M. C. A. work and passed examination to go over seas. At this writing he is in the same line of work at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Philips Armour enlisted as a candidate in the Officers' Training School of Coast Artillery, Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and was there when the war ended.

Homer Kuhn enlisted in Company K, April 17, 1917, and was sent to Camp Logan, Texas. He went with his company to France, was wounded and was three months in the hospital. Later he was with the A. E. F. on the Rhine, Germany. After being discharged he enlisted in the regular army for one year.

Harvey Armour was with the Engineering Officers' Training School, France. The following letter was received by his parents:

"Harvey B. Armour, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Armour, 318 N. Winnebago street, has written the following letter to his parents. He is now in an Engineering Officers' Training school in France. His address is A. P. O. 714.

"As far as we are concerned the ending of the war has made no difference in the work, as we still climb out of the warm bed at 5:30 and do some tall shivering, as our barracks are not heated. I've been sleeping on a straw bed sack and one blanket with three blankets, overcoat and raincoat over me, and I have managed to keep pretty comfortable.

"A week ago Friday I went to town and bought a complete outfit. When I came home Saturday I found the stuff was off, as Washington ordered that no more commissions are to be granted. We are now ready to leave with certificates saying that we have completed the course and are eligible for commissions. There were one hundred out of eight hundred

chosen, and I feel very fortunate to be among the top notchers. The dope seems to be that we will be sent back to our outfits and if they need officers we will be commissioned. Our regiment is short so I may be able to don the regalia yet.

"As censorship rules are off, I will tell you a bit about my life since I left the States. We saw no subs on the way over, but we had a couple of scares when we "stood to" ready to abandon the ship. We landed at Liverpool on May 30th about midnight, unlocked the next morning, and went by train to a rest (?) camp at Winchester. The next morning the company announced promotions, and I was surprised to find that I had been made a sergeant. We cleaned up, and bathed, that day, and we were up the next morning at 4 o'clock bound for Southampton where we loaded boat again and by night crossed the channel to Havre, landing on the morning of June 3rd.

"We went to another so called rest camp, known as the Cinder Camp, where we stayed about five or six days, resting and drilling a little. We then took a two day trip to a little French town in the center of the country where peace reigned supreme, and I guess we were the first excitement the town had had.

"Ten days later saw us on the Toul sector in front of Mount Sec where we worked like beavers for about five weeks without a great amount of excitement. I sure liked the work there, as they put me in charge of concrete pill box construction. We next spent ten days resting and drilling near Toul. Then we were ordered for the Nancy sector facing Metz and through a French corporal I had a fine view from his observation post and I saw shells lighting near some German troops on the road near Metz. We ended on that front by holding the pivot at the south end of the famous St. Mihiel drive and I had my first experience in No Man's Land, spending three nights there.

"We then went back for a five day rest in a woods under pup tents, and it was raining all the time. Off then for the Argonne where I stayed until coming here. We did not go up to the front again but worked for about two weeks on the roads in the rear, but we were finally called in and believe me, there was hell popping up there. Gen. Pershing gave our division praise for our work.

"Now all that remains is to get home. The dirty Huns are licked to a frazzle and, believe me, the Americans did their share in cleaning them up. Where I'll spend Thanksgiving I can't guess now, but from the dope, Uncle Sam is going to furnish turkey, cranberries, etc., but it can't compare with mother's table a year ago. Last Sunday we had an Ames reunion to talk over old times, and wrote a letter back to the Alumnus. Would you believe it, we numbered eleven right here in this school? Hope to be home by Christmas."

HARVEY.

Charles Armour, Jr., enlisted as a candidate in the Officers' training in the artillery and was at Fort Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. He gained his commission as lieutenant at the close of the war.

Wilber Giffen enlisted in U. S. Naval Reserves, June 15, 1918, and was sent to the Municipal Pier, Chicago, for training. He was released April 24, 1919, with rank of ensign, and commissioned from Officers' Training School at Pilham Bay, New York City.

David McCorvie enlisted in the Quartermasters Division at Camp Grant and continued there until the close of the war.

Other young men of the community who were in active service or in training were: Raymond Wallace, George Wallace, Colin Ralston, Colin McGaw, Charles McClure, Colin McClure, William McGaw, Walter McGaw.

SERMON

Preached at the Funeral of

JOHN GREENLEE, SR.

In the Presbyterian Church, Belvidere, Illinois,
January 2d, 1883, by Rev. M. F. Howie.

TEXT:—*II Timothy, 4:7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righetousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give me at that day."*

Ninety-one years and four months of busy, active life closed on earth forever! Ninety one years and four months of constant contact and intercourse with men brought to an end as calmly and peacefully as an evening sunset.

A long life, through which a vigorous and active mind, and kind heart, touched many another mind and heart, moulding and shaping them for good, has passed out of our view, and all its most pronounced achievements turned at once into memories of our departed. The most thoughtless cannot linger on this without seriousness; and to the thoughtful and reflective it is full of both admonition and consolation. We offer no words of fulsome eulogy to-day as we stand thus at the terminus of this long race-course, and say of him who ran it, as Paul said of himself, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

We recall here in this funeral service, with gratitude, the goodness of God throughout this life, prolonging it, in employing it for many good social, religious and public ends, in giving tranquility, and a long and peaceful evening after so long and arduous a day of labor; and we linger on the fact that there must have been rare powers in this mind and heart, now gone from their mortal companion, to arrest the sympathies, win the confidence and determine the judgments of

others, and to bear with cheerfulness the privations and hardships incident to the life of an early settler of this State.

But few words are needed to describe the prominent features of the majority of human lives. It is not necessary to write a volume, after all, to tell whether a man has spent a noble or a wasted life; whether he has lived for good or evil. And if for good, the picture is easily drawn, for no shading of the background is required, no darkening of the sunlight is needful, no tinting of the features is necessary. The picture of a good life, I repeat, is easily drawn. There are a few figures to arrange, as data of birth, childhood, schooldays, maturity and death; and a few incidents to be grouped as characteristic, unique and expressive of distinct individuality.

The leading facts in the life of Father John Greenlee are soon told. Let us go back in memory nearly a century.

Yonder amid the green hills of Argyleshire, Scotland, in the Parish of South-end, on the 16th day of August, 1791, a boy is born; and soon afterwards he is consecrated by his parents to the Lord in baptism, as the records of the Presbyterian church of that parish still show. The first breath that he drew was from the air of that sea-girt Island, and with it he imbibed those sterling qualities of heart and soul which have made Scotchmen noted the world over. His schooldays were passed among the same dear hills that sheltered him at birth, and in that Scottish school-room he has those principles of rectitude, breathed from the very air at birth, still more indelibly stamped upon his character, thus helping to lay the foundation for all his future life of usefulness and worth. His early advantages in school, it is true, were limited; but what he had, he improved well, and learned, never to forget. Those were the days of few books, but what few they had they read thoroughly and digested well. Father Greenlee, all through his life, from early childhood up, was an eager searcher after knowledge; to know what others knew was his

great desire. To the extent of his ability he was a reader of books. Hence in his early boyhood we find him eagerly devouring the pages of such standard works as Harvey's "Meditations on the Starry Heavens" and "Among the Tombs;" Young's "Night Thoughts," Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," Dodridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and various works on the Prophecies, together with the Westminster Catechism.

Such reading as strengthened the mind of vigorous and pure thought, and inspired the soul to worship and adore its Maker. He had a wonderful retentive memory and what he read was ever before him like an unlocked treasure-house, from which he drew at will. And only a few weeks before death, I have heard him repeat, in choking utterances, whole passages from these books as expressive of his inward thinking. But to him the Bible was of all books the first, the last, the best. He studied it first at his pious mother's knee in his humble Scottish home, and never neglected to study to his latest day. It was the interpreter of all things else to him, and the exhaustless theme of his mind and heart. With God Himself shining through all its pages, a light subtler than that of the sun, and touching his spirit wherever he turned, every thing in the universe took on a new meaning. Skies and seas, mountains and plains, lakes and torrents, cedars and palms, flowers of the fields and waving grain, lions and conies, angels and men, kings and kingdoms, armies and navies, wars and pestilences, sickness and death, adversity and prosperity, Eden's garden, Man a sinner and Calvary's Cross—all had their interpretation and meaning to him in the Book of books, and were lit up with a light above that of the sun or moon, which streamed from its sacred pages.

With such wholesome and religious instruction, and the constant care and prayers of a pious mother, to whom he was greatly attached, the boy grows into manhood. At an

early day he joined the Presbyterian church, of which he remained a devoted and consistent member till the end. His early life was spent upon his father's farm, where his physical strength received that development—that knitting of bone and toughtening of muscle, and expansion of vital, which peculiarly fitted him for enduring the hardships and privations of the new world.

At the age of thirty-two he marries Miss Helen Brown, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and with united hearts and lives, and the fear of God before their eyes, they start out to make the best of life. Their pathway from the first did not lead through flowery meadows, watered by cooling streams, or under trellised arbors that might have lent a sheltering shade to screen them from the burden and heat of the day. No! Their journey led up the rugged road of life where the path was stony and the hill steep. The fickle goddess—Dame Fortune—refused them any favor but what they wrested and wrung from her hand by earnest effort and honest toil.

Children were born to them and cares multiplied; but at no period of their life, from the hour they stood at the hymenial altar and plighted their troth one to another, to the hour when the hand of death severed the sacred tie, could one have said to the other, "you have failed in contributing your share in building up and sustaining your part of the mutual interests of the family and the household." All along it was the sturdy oak supporting the evergreen ivy; or if the illustration reversed suits you better, it was the graceful ivy clinging to and clasping its tendrils lovingly about the oak, making its trunk and arms stronger and more graceful by its presence and influence.

Years roll by; and in that same land where the parents first drew breath, three sons and three daughters are born to them, all but one of whom still survive and are here to-day, together with two other daughters born in this country, all now married

and well-to-do in life. Like a true father and mother, who always bear some resemblance to their Heavenly Father, they deemed no sacrifice too great to make for their children. Most lovingly did they study their every want, and always supplied it to the best of their ability. They labored early and late for their support. They taught them the fear of God, the love of truth, and guided their young feet into the ways of the Sanctuary. And now when the sun of both has set, and they have passed on to the dawning of that other and endless day, how gladly can these children rise up and call them blessed, saying, "My father's and my mother's God I will serve."

But time wears away; crops fail and rents become oppressive in the land of their birth. Strange stories of the wealth of this new and western world are wafted across the waste of of waters to the sea-girt Isle; they are repeated on the hills of Argyleshire, and the mother lulls her babe to sleep on the shores of the great sea, with the repetition of these stories about the land that Columbus discovered. Their weird tale is caught up and echoed along the braes of Kintyre. A tide of emigration sweeps over that land of song and story, and that sturdy pair, with their family of young children, are caught by the currents and borne across the stormy Atlantic and on to the valley of the Mississippi. The past, with all its sacred associations and tender memories was behind them, the unmapped future was before them; but the God of their youthful days was still their trust; and we can imagine them saying as they push on toward the untrodden west,

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

It was in the lovely month of August, 1836,—the month of flowers—that the weary travellers reached Ottawa, in this state,

having come round by way of the lakes to Chicago, and from there to Ottawa by team. And well do I remember hearing him relate the experience of his first day in Ottawa. How, when he was sitting, near its close, in the store of a friend, somewhat disheartened and discouraged, for work did not seem to be plenty, and he had a large family dependent on him for their support, a contractor came in and asked for a stone mason to take the place of one who had failed to keep his word. "There, again," said he, "was the hand of that kind Providence which always watched over me, interposed in my behalf; I made a bargain with the contractor, went to work for him, and from that day on commenced to prosper." Father Greenlee was then in the prime and vigor of life, and whatever his hands found to do he did it with all his might.

In the month of December of the same year, he took possession of a claim in Caledonia township, Boone County, near the center of what is now known as the "Scotch Settlement." The following spring, he moved his family from Ottawa on to this claim; and there, or near to that spot, he resided for a period of forty years. He was the pioneer Scotchman of that great settlement and one of the pioneers of this part of the state. He was the first Scotchman who permanently settled here, and around him as a nucleus has gathered a settlement of nearly two hundred families. He was also the pioneer in the formation of the Presbyterian church of that settlement, now grown so strong and influential. He was the first to raise the standard of the Cross on those prairies; a leader in the organization of that church; and from its birth till the day of his death he held in it the office of Ruling Elder. He was a Presbyterian by instinct, training and education. Principle pointed out his religious home, but a broad, unselfish philanthropy made him undenominational in practice. He gave the right hand of fellowship to all who were followers of Christ, of whatever name. He lived to wield an influence,

and was largely instrumental in shaping and moulding the moral and religious life of that community where he resided so long. What remarkable changes have taken place in the condition of this country and of the world during the life-time of our aged friend! What progress in art and science, in education and religion, in government and business! The ninety-one years and four months he has lived have been crowded with enterprises and events of wonderful import. Born during the reign of George the 3rd of England, and in George Washington's first presidential term, he has lived to see since then three new rulers ascend the throne of England, and eighteen presidents elected in the United States; and this country increase in population from four to that of fifty million. It has been an age of invention; knowledge has increased; telegraph lines intersect all lands, and bring together the shores of distant continents. Railways span all the great civilized countries of the globe, upon which at his birth not a single tie or rail had been laid, nor a single telegraphic wire stretched. Since his birth great wars have been waged, and mighty battles, decisive of liberty and human rights have been fought. Thrones of despotism have been overturned; and the power and grace of Him whose young life aged Simeon blessed, have been marvelously displayed in the development of a higher Christian civilization. No one mind can group the amazing history of these ninety-one years, as it seems to embrace more of the world's progress than many centuries before. And amid all these onward movements, our friend was no clog on the wheels of progress, but in his own humble way every ready to put his shoulder to the wheel to help the race roll forward.

There are some here to-day, I presume, who knew our aged friend as he was in the prime and fulness of his manhood—strong, generous and upright, and progressive; a good citizen, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a warm friend, a de-

voted Christian. If you analyze personal character, you will find that some are dead to the interests of humanity, to the claims of charity and benevolence while they live. Again you will find others all life and spirit and heart and sense and sympathy and love; their being seems a very spring of power and influence—copious, like the Nile, boiling, like the geysers. They live to make sadness brighten into sunshine; their acts of kindness changes gloom into gladness. Such characters live a twelve monthed year in a single hour. Such was the character and influence of our departed friend. How blessed the ministry of such lives! Nor did these noble qualities of heart and soul desert him to the last. Although bereft of the companion of his youth, who eighteen years ago passed into the upper light; although bereft of her who had borne the heat and burden of the day equally with himself, and cheered him through it all, yet these noble qualities never forsook him. Always cheerful, always kind, always sympathetic, always young in spirit.

One of the sages of the present age has said, "While we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but do grow young." That, I think, was largely the secret of Father Greenlee's happy old age. He had been conversing with what was above him, "waiting for the consolation of Israel," As the years of his life had brought their cares and dangers and duties and opportunities and priviliges and responsibilities, they had also brought their hopes of better things for the future. Not in vain had he read the words of inspiration concerning the good things to come. All along he had been discerning the fulfillment of the promises his Heavenly Father had made. With thoughts that were at home among the divine thoughts; with purposes and plans in harmony with the divine plans; with heart and hand ever ready for self-sacrificing service, he was growing strong and beautiful, symmetrical and manly, harmonious and God-like. Age had not

served to wither the blossoms of hope in his heart, however it might have brought dimness of sight to the eye, or faltering to the step. If gray hairs adorned his brow, they were a crown of glory to him, for he was found in the ways or righteousness. Late in the autumn, or even in early winter, you have seen, among the fruit trees, an apple, fair and sound and ripe, alone clinging to the branch on which it was born, and where it had its summer home, long after its companions had all been gathered. So in God's wise Providence it was with our aged friend. He saw one after another of the companions of his youth and mature manhood ripen and fall. Still he clung alone to the tree of human life, even when looking upon the third generation of his descendants. He came to his grave in a full age; "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Father Greenlee's old age was the very best part of his life; and why should not the last be the best portion of every well-spent life that is prolonged to four-score and ten even?

Early this fall, it became evident to his children and friends that he was failing unusually fast; and that his sojourn here was nearly ended. Weeks wore away, and his physical health became more and more feeble. He went out less and less, and finally, about a month ago he became confined to his room, and then later to his bed. I visited him frequently, and generally found his mind clear, his memory good and his spirit joyful. As the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day. The outward was growing weaker, but the inward, the true man, was growing larger and stronger and better. The soul was increasing in breadth, in purity, in richness, in spiritual power. Two days before his death I visited him for the last time. I saw that the end must soon come; and I asked him if the good Lord, who had led him through all his pilgrimage, was still his Guide and Portion? He answered in feeble tones, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon the earth that I desire be-

sides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the Strength of my heart and my Portion forever."

I stood for a moment beside that couch, and saw plainly that the gray pallor of death was fast usurping the place of health; that the deep, rich lights were leaving those eyes that soon must gaze on other climes; that the music of the old voice was dying; that the beauty of mortal mould and feature lay waiting the summons to enter into the opportunities of the great hereafter. But I knew that death to him could bring no loss, but an immortal gain. I knew that it was only transplanting lovliness from earth that it might bloom in heaven; and I went away from that bed of death saying to myself, "Let me die the death of righteousness, and let my last end be like his!" Two days afterward he passed on, and was not, for God took him.

Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when its mellow fruit the orchard casts;
Ye sigh not when the sun—his course fulfilled—
(His glowing course rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled)—
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure
Spread o'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head:
And I am glad that he has lived so long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong
Softly to disengage the vital cord;
Nor when hand grew palsied and his eye grew
Dark with mists of age.
It was his time to die.
Give to the dust its own,
Glad soul ascend thy throne;

In triumph rise;
The onward march is given,
From sphere to sphere ascend,
Thy bliss shall never end,
For thine is life, love, harmony and heaven."

——FINIS——

In concluding his Sermon preached January 7th, 1883, the

REV. JAMES MACLAUGHLIN,

Pastor of Willow Creek Church,

alluded to the death of

MR. JOHN GREENLEE,

In the following words:

We come now to view the last open grave beside which we stood and in which we saw the casket with its corpse laid down to rest. Read what is engraved on that coffin-plate, and you will see that it marks the narrow house in which the body of John Greenlee takes its last sleep; and you will see, too, that ere it is laid in that narrow house, that body was old and full of days. Long did life's streams irrigate that body. Three score and ten years are not enough to measure the activities of that heart that fed the body with life and strength —not even four score year—ere its machinery stops and settles down into a long rest; its work covers the long period of four months over four score and eleven years.

The death of Mr. Greenlee deserves more than a brief obituary notice in this place. The fact alone that he went down to the grave in a good old age constrains us to lay at his feet that veneration and respect which we owe as the appropriate tribute to the hoary head. But his life was not only long; it was eventful and useful as well. If he was not the immediate cause of the pleasant homes that now adorn this portion of Illinois, to none more than to him, to none so much as to him is due the credit of that change that has turned the wild

prairie into the green pastures and the unbroken wilderness into the fertile fields which we see to-day around us.

John Greenlee was born in the parish of Southend, Argyleshire, Scotland, in the year 1791. He was not the only child, but he was the only son of his parents. His early life was spent neither in poverty nor in riches, but in the substantial comforts which the farming class usually enjoy in his native land. His youthful years were spent in honest and honorable toil. Manhood reached, his body was far from being so burly and robust as that which characterizes most of his countrymen; still, it must have possessed a wiry, tough, elastic nature, capable of great endurance, else, it would not have battled so successfully with the storms of so many winters ere it succumbed and sank at last to its long rest.

When about thirty years of age he entered on wedded life. His loving and beloved partner was Ellen Brown, a sister of our highly esteemed citizen and fellow-worshipper, Mr. Thomas Brown. By this, his only matrimonial alliance, Mr. Greenlee had born to him three sons and five daughters, and although his own life was so long, he was called to follow to the grave but two of his own household, his wife and one of his daughters.

Mr. Greenlee started life in the pursuit in which he had been trained from boyhood—the cultivation of the soil. A few years experience taught him the lesson, which many were learning as well as himself, many have learned since, and many are learning still in the British Isles,—that landlordism is a species of legalized oppression—a kind of serfdom that refuses to the hardy husbandman his fair share of the fruits of his fields. So he very sensibly concluded to leave the scenes of his early pastime and pleasure and seek a home elsewhere where he could enjoy the reward of his own labors. To find that home he crossed the stormy sea whose waves he had oftentimes heard breaking on his native shores, and reached in

safety the land of his adoption. Desirous of following his favorite pursuit, Mr. Greenlee lingers not in the crowded city; a farm is his choice, and so westward and onward he travels until his feet stand in the lonely prairie.

What attracted him to this part of Illinois was the fact that some of his countrymen had viewed this section of country with a favorable eye. The Armour brothers were the first, I believe, to take up a claim on Willow Creek. This induced Mr. Greenlee to come and examine the land. He came, he saw, he concluded to pitch his tent on the bank of this little stream whose name afterwards became so well known thousands of miles away, in his native parish. The Armours, although taking up a claim, did not become permament settlers. Mr. Greenlee did become a permanent settler, built his log house and made the place his home. This was in 1835 or 1836, forty-six or forty-seven years ago. So it is, that John Greenlee was the first Scotchman who permanently settled in this place, and to him belongs the honor of being the legitimate father and founder of this large and prosperous Scotch settlement.

Look back over forty-five years, see the lonely family standing on the unbroken prairie and laying the foundation of a home, when there was no human sound but their own to break the silence. I can fancy that then, not only the wild screech of the blue-jay, but even the coarse growl of the wolf would be welcomed as music, breaking the monotony of pioneer life. True, the Greenlee family had their neighbors, but these were few and far between. On the north was the Babcock family, where Mr. McNair now resides; and on the south the Enoch family, where Mr. McPhail resides. What a contrast this must have been to the thickly-settled district of Kintyre, in which Mr. Greenlee spent his early years. But here he was the owner, there but the tenant, and this was

enough to reconcile a manly mind to the loneliness that then reigned around him.

But the loneliness was not of long continuance. There were in Kintyre many of the hardy sons of toil who were desirous of improving their condition. Hearing of Willow Creek and the rich lands through which it coursed, and encouraged by the presence of John Greenlee, an exodus commenced which drained the vicinity of Campbeltown of many strong arms and stalwart hearts, just such stuff as could and would dot the prairie with flourishing homesteads. One after another, family after family, as years rolled on, bid good-bye to the old, familiar shores, and crossing broad ocean, pushed onward and westward over canals and lakes, and stopped not in their weary march until their eyes gazed on the groves and grass through which Willow Creek sluggishly moved. And I am but speaking the simple truth when I say that the log house of John Greenlee had an open door for all comers, and at that door every one had the warm grasp and the cheering word of welcome from its kind owner. So it was that from one solitary settler this settlement has increased until now acres, more and better than are found in all old Kintyre, are held, owned and adorned with capacious and comfortable homes, by a happy, rich, and prosperous people.

John Greenlee took a lively interest in religious matters. He could say as did Howard, the philanthropist, "Where God gives me a tent, there will I erect to him an altar." He had his family altar, from which morning and evening the incense of gratitude and praise ascended to the God of Bethel, whose hand led him through earth's pilgrimage. Social worship he also cultivated and encouraged, and so free was he from all narrow bigotry, so liberal and charitable in his views, that whenever and wherever he found two or three gathered in the name of Jesus, he could freely unite with them in the worship of their common Lord.

In the formation of this church he took a prominent part; a church which from the day of very small things has grown in numbers, and in influence, and in activity so much, that, I think we can say, there is not its superior in any small district from shore to shore in this wide continent. We now worship in an edifice which for capacity and comfort would be no discredit to the parish of Southend with all its antiquity and the accumulated gains of ages; and all this, although less than fifty years ago there was but one solitary Scotch settler—John Greenlee—in what has grown into this long, wide, peaceful, prosperous parish.

Not only did Mr. Greenlee take a lively interest in religion in general and in the organization of this church in particular; he was one of the first three elders of this church—was well known and highly esteemed in the church courts which he attended in his official capacity—shared in the highest honors which an elder can reach that is assisting at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in an assembled church court. Some twenty years ago he retired from the active duties of the eldership, but he still retained his membership here, so that when he died, he died an ex-offico elder and a full member of this church—the church in whose formation, prosperity and usefulness he was so interested, and for which he so faithfully planned and earnestly worked. In Willow Creek church he saw the newly-born infant, he saw it grow into stalwart manhood. In early times, his door was open not only to his own countrymen who crossed the ocean to settle beside him, but open to the ministers of religion, who found in his hospitable house a genial resting place, and in himself an interesting and an intelligent and sympathetic companion.

I saw the old man but twice, first at the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Brown, and again at the marriage of his granddaughter, now Mrs. Ferguson. On the latter occasion I enjoyed his company very much, and were I to

define his character from my own observation during these two brief interviews, I would say, that he had a kind, sympathetic nature, easily moved into sorrow by the sight of suffering—easily moved into joy by scenes of pleasure. I judge that he was possessed of a good share of that canny shrewdness so characteristic of Scotchmen in general, that he was keen in perception, prompt in action, but somewhat unlike his countrymen, he was rather communicative; not only able, but ready to converse intelligently on a variety of subjects; and should the occasion require it, that he could prove himself a keen disputant, wielding an argument with great vigor. He must have been a clear-headed man in the prime of life and possessed of a good fund of common sense, and this would make him what I believe he was to many of you, a wise counselor as well as a warm friend.

I cannot speak of his feelings when his departure was near; another can do that with all justice; but I do not hesitate to say that a life so active, so useful in sacred as well as in secular matters must have ended in peace. His life was one of success, and I am confident that his death was the most brilliant triumph in his eventful and long earthly career.

But I must conclude. Why should I speak to you of one who to me was almost a stranger—to you a friend so familiar that you all call him Uncle Greenlee. I am sure that to-day you all feel as if you had lost an old father, an old friend, whose cheering words inspired many of you with courage as you entered on your new life in the prairie where your toil has met its reward. The worshippers in this church may now say as David said over a fallen hero, "A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." Can you easily forget the pioneer, whose very name inspired your heart with courage as you sailed over waves and travelled westward to the creek where his log house stood, and in which, when once reached, you were sure to find shelter? Can you forget him whose words of good cheer

relieved your hearts of the burden you felt when you looked out on the desolate prairie and saw before you nothing but toil, toil, ere comfort and ease could reach you? Can you ever fail to admire the energy, perseverance, the hardy, stubborn front, which he displayed, in a time of hardships and self-denials, incident to pioneer life? You cannot. When God so honors him, so should we. God honored and blessed him with an unusual length of days. He has seen his children's children and peace on Israel. He has seen the forest and field covered with the hum of industry, and the land yielding its increase. He has seen a temple for the worship of God standing in the midst of a people who gathered around him. He has seen the rising generation honoring the God of their fathers; and all this where he had seen nature untouched by the reclaiming hand of toil. For what more could he wait. Well might he say, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace." So he did. His last journey ended not on the bank of an earthly stream, but on the bank of the River of Life. Now he hungers no more, thirsts no more, the Lamb feeds him, leads him to living fountains of waters; and God has wiped away every tear from his eye.

Caledonia, Boone Co., Ill., February 9th, 1878.

REV. BEN. E. S. ELY—*Sir*:—We, the undersigned, impressed with the appropriateness of the sermon delivered by you on the 3d inst., being the last service held in the Old Willow Creek Church, respectfully ask your permission to have it printed for distribution among the congregation.

A. J. Ralston,	James Kelly,
Robert Howe,	John McEachran,
John Thompson,	Wm. Wilson,
Wm. A. Ralston,	Edward Brown,
James Picken, Jr.,	Wm. Harvey.

Argyle, February 15th, A. D. 1878.

To A. J. Ralston, John Thompson, and Others—

Dear Brethren:—

. . In compliance with your request, I herewith submit the discourse of Sabbath, February 3d, for publication.

Yours fraternally,

BEN. E. S. ELY.

LAST WORDS
in the
OLD CHURCH AT WILLOW CREEK

A Discourse Delivered by the Pastor, Rev. Ben. E. S. Ely, February 3, A. D. 1878.

"All my Springs (or fountains) are in Thee."—Ps. 84—87.

The multiplied duties claiming my time and attention during the past week, have prevented my making the preparation for this occasion which it demands. I am to speak "Last Words," which ought to be eloquent in recounting the unnumbered blessings which have welled up within these walls, sending forth streams of benificence to gladden the hearts and homes of the inhabitants of the surrounding parish. Is it not true that those who have here enjoyed sanctuary privileges have had an experience of the truth uttered by the Psalmist, when, singing of Zion, he says: "All my springs are in thee?" From Sabbath to Sabbath, for twenty-eight years, the people of this parish have come here to slake their thirst at the fountain, and returning to their homes have borne with them the waters of life. As the stream flowing from the Smitten Rock followed Israel in their journeyings, so from this house blessed influences have gone forth to make this community what it is, in morals, religion, and material wealth.

First—This building stands as a monument to God's faith-

fulness in rewarding those who honor him with their substance. Men, and even Christians, have doubted whether the promise of God's word in reference to rewarding the gifts and labors of his people were to be literally received. They have supposed that those passages of the Scripture which declare that the Lord will restore four-fold to the giver and that the liberal soul shall be made fat, are not to receive a literal construction. It is not long since I saw an article in a religious weekly, objecting to appeals for benevolence predicated upon such passages. It was claimed that being misled by such promises, some persons improverish themselves, and failing to realize the return they expect, become skeptical. What do these walls testify upon this subject? Has the Lord been slack concerning His promise to those who, twenty-eight years ago, built this house? Has the investment paid four-fold? Yes, even in material wealth and prosperity, it has paid—not four-fold—but four hundred fold. This church has been a nucleus around which the Scotch Settlement has grown, drawing to itself those who heeded the command not to pitch their tents more than a Sabbath day's journey from the sanctuary. Farm has been added to farm, house to house, even as Jerusalem crystalized around Mount Zion. As the settlement increased in population, its lands increased in value. Whilst the material wealth of this Western country and this parish may be largely due to other causes, it cannot be denied that it is more largely due to the establishment of schools and churches. Now, it is true, school houses and churches follow the lines of railroads, but it is not yet fifty years since the railroads followed the churches. It may be that these rich corporations, who allow ministers to travel on half fare, do not know how much the railroads of Illinois and the Great West, owe to such men as David Nelson, Father Kent, and other faithful ministers that I might name, but it is nevertheless true that it has not been long since the railroads followed the

churches, making their starting points and *termini* in towns and villages which had grown up around the churches. Shrewd business men, having no higher motive than gain, as a business operation, have learned that it pays to contribute to the erection of churches, knowing that their establishment leads to the settlement and improvement of property contiguous to them; that they secure a much more law abiding class of inhabitants, and by these means enhance the value of real estate, making life and property more secure. To these considerations, which are patent to believer and unbeliever alike, must be added that which will be accepted by all who believe in the efficacy of prayer, viz.: That temporal prosperity, as well as spiritual blessings are received through the worship of the sanctuary. Who shall say, how many and how great the temporal blessings are which have been bestowed upon this community because this house of prayer has been maintained in its midst? In Solomon's prayer, at the dedication of the temple, he prayed that all needed temporal good might be bestowed upon Israel, in answer to the prayers offered therein.

My friends, though it is impossible to estimate the temporal benefits that this house of prayer has been instrumental in securing, as we look upon its walls now crumbling with age, we cannot doubt that God has abundantly rewarded the labors and contributions of those who erected them, and thus encouraged, we may confidently expect, as we turn our faces toward our new house of worship, that He will be as faithful to His promise in the future as He has been in the past.

Second—There are higher and more important considerations than those which relate to dollars and cents. "All my springs are in Thee." In bidding farewell to this house, we may well consider the moral and intellectual influences of which it has been the fountain or spring. From Sabbath to Sabbath for a period of twenty-eight years, the precepts of a divine morality and a high intellectual culture have been taught from

this pulpit. I think that it is not hazarding too much to say that a greater amount of knowledge has thus been disseminated through the parish from this pulpit than from all other sources. Viewed on its intellectual side alone, Christian civilization is the highest civilization, and education is not restricted to the foundamental branches of learning taught in our district schools. Though reading, writing, and arithmetic, are indispensably necessary for the practical affairs of life, there is a higher culture for the promulgation of which the pulpit is the most efficient instrumentality. Public lecturers usually receive from fifty to one thousand dollars per lecture. Individuals pay from fifty cents to one dollar for the privilege of attending them. Within these walls, reckoning fifty-two Sabbaths to the year, for twenty-eight years, fifteen hundred or two thousand discourses have been delivered, affording moral, intellectual and spiritual instruction and entertainment. The results of this instruction are seen in the intelligence and morality of the community. It is a fact worthy of recounting to the praise of God, that no community, perhaps, has a higher reputation for honesty and intergrity than this; and that during all these years, since its first settlement, no one belonging to the parish, large as it is, (as I have been informed), has been convicted of fraud or crime. In all the surrounding towns and cities, where the Scotch Settlement is known, it is a notorious fact, that the word of a Scotchman is usually considered as good as his bond. Of course this is largely owing to the covenant inheritance of the children of the covenant, and to faithful parental instruction in the Bible and the Shorter Catechism; yet it is nevertheless true that the service of this house has kindled and kept alive those principles and practices, which would otherwise have died out. Surely, if there had been no pecuniary rewards to those who built and maintained this church, in moral and intellectual benefits they have received an hundred-fold.

Third—There is a third and still more important consideration which this occasion suggests. As the intellectual and moral is superior to the material, so the spiritual and eternal is superior to the merely moral and intellectual. That which renders the house of God the most desirable place on earth, is the fountain opened therein "for sin and uncleanness." The roof beneath which we are assembled to-day, is the porch beneath which the pools of Bethseda and Siloam were shaded.

Hither the halt, and the paralized, and the leprous, have been brought, that when the angel of the Lord stirred the waters, they might wash and be made whole. Here the Savior has met with the impotent and helpless, and bade them take up their bed and walk. I am speaking by the book, when I say that beneath this roof greater miracles have been wrought than the healing of the helpless one beside the pool, for Christ said, "Greater works than these shall ye do." Here Christ has met with his people to quicken those who were dead, to forgive sins, to strengthen the weak, comfort the afflicted, cheer the sorrowful, and shed abroad that "peace that passeth understanding." Allthough unseen to the eye of sense, here there has been an altar upon which Christ has been offered "once for all" as "the Lamb of God that beareth away the sins of the world." Here, by the sprinkling of His blood, believers have drawn near to the throne of grace. Here the anti-type of the seven-branched candle-stick has shed forth cheering light. Here the table of show-bread has been spread to feed the hungry soul. Here above the ark of the covenant and the throne of grace, the antitypical shekinah, the manifest presence of the Holy Ghost, has been revealed, that the congregation might know that God in very deed was in the midst of His people. Oh, Beloved! every brick, every board, in these walls, and every tile upon this roof, has become sacred because of the blessed presence that has honored them, and the unspeakable blessedness of which they are the witnesses.

This house has been the birthplace of souls—the place of the espousal of the Lamb and his Bride.

Fourth—Though its walls are dingy and its furniture old and dilapidated, this house is the type of heaven, for—"the holy places made with hands are the figures of the true." The assembly and communion of God's people, in his earthly courts, is an earnest and an antitype of their meeting and communion in the courts above. These walls are precious to us because of the memory of the sainted dead who have worshipped within them. There is scarcely a pew before me, that is not a memento of some loved occupant, who has been removed to "seats prepared above." The middle-aged and adult can remember the time, when their parents led them hither, and the bereaved and widowed look from the vacant places here—to the place

"Where Congregations ne'er break up;"
"And Sabbaths never end."

Hither the sorrowing and disconsolate have brought their wounded hearts and found a healing balm.

In leaving this old house of worship to occupy the new, the remembrances of the past ought not only to fill our hearts with gratitude, but also to encourage us to believe that God would reward our labors and contributions in the future, as he has rewarded them in the past. When a hundred years shall have passed away, and that which is now new has become old, may we not expect that the aged and their children and grand children will recount, with gratitude, the blessings of the past, as we do now. May not those who have invested, and who may invest, in the new church edifice, confidently expect, that their investments will be as profitable to them as the investments of those who built these walls. Encouraged by the past, may we not pray without expectant faith, that God will meet with his children, from generation to generation, in the house we are about to dedicate, and that streams of material, moral,

intellectual and spiritual blessings, will flow from thence, to gladden the surrounding country.

With the favor of God, the new church will have a history even more glorious than the old. A few years since I visited a church, whose brick walls, within which I was baptized, have stood for more than a hundred years. Among other precious relics, preserved amid its archives, I saw the subscription list, containing the names of those who subscribed to the building, with the amounts they gave. Children, grandchildren and great-grand-children have looked upon that paper with pride and gratitude, as they called to mind, the history of the Old Pine Street Church, of Philadelphia. Out of the loins of that old church have sprung several strong churches. Upon her baptismal record may be found the names of ministers, missionaries, and useful men and women. The Old Mother still lives in a green old age, which has been renewed, from time to time, like the plumage of the eagle, having the name of six hundred and thirty upon her roll of communicants.

In visiting the homes of this parish I have often been shown articles of virtu. Keepsakes, made from the wood of the pulpit, of the Old Church in Kintyre, Scotland. From that congregation, still strong and flourishing, this church has sprung, as a vine planted in the wilderness, some forty years ago, when these prairies were unbroken, and these woods in their primeval beauty. My friends, we too are making history, as did our fathers. With such examples and experiences to encourage us, may we not hope that from the fountain in our midst, streams will flow, beside which future generations shall stand, as—

"Trees near; planted by a river."

One thought more, and the last words will have been spoken. Bidding farewell to these old walls, sacred by so many memories, and turning our faces toward the new house of worship, just over there, let us remember, that "though the

earthly house of this tabernacle," like this old building, we are leaving, is decaying, "we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Thither we turn with joyful anticipation, "knowing that the glory of the latter home shall be *greater than the former.*"

"And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her, and the glory of the Highest, Himself, shall establish her, and the Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. *Selah.*" * * * All my springs are in Thee. (*Ps., Ch.* 87; *v.* 7.)

NOTE.—I have been told that when it was proposed to build the Old Church in Kintyre, to which reference has been made, that the Duke of Argyle, who was of the Established Church, refused to allow the people to use the material to be found on his lands. At this, the men were much disheartened, but the women told them, that if they would bring the stone from a place or island that was accessible at low tide, they would bring the sand. This was done, the men bringing the stone in skins or hand-barrows, and the women bringing the sand in sacks, or as they could.

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